

# OCCASIONAL POEMS;

B Y

MR. COLVILL.

*Arma VIRUMque Cano.* VIRG.

EDINBURGH.

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M,DCC,LXXI.





TO  
HIS GRACE  
HENRY  
DUKE OF BUCKLEUGH,  
THESE POEMS ARE,  
WITH THE MOST PROFOUND RESPECT,  
INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR,  
AS A PUBLIC TESTIMONY  
OF  
THE MOST SINCERE VENERATION,  
WHICH IS SO JUSTLY DUE  
TO THE WORTHY FRIEND,  
AND  
LOVER OF HIS COUNTRY.

V E R S E S addressed to his Grace  
H E N R Y Duke of B U C C L E U G H.

**G**O, happy Muse ! with grateful song explore  
The streams, and groves, which grace Esk's winding  
shore.

There, down the deepning dale and vocal wood,  
Plain with the feather'd tribes your sonnets rude.  
Hear the first trooping choir salute the spring,  
How sweet the sky-lark and the thrush sing ;  
The finch and linnet blend their warbling throat  
In ceaseless concert, to the lively note  
Of mellow blackbird : *Philomel* so sweet  
Complain, and *Halcyon* with respondence meet  
To the bass cadence of the waters fall ;  
O'er gay parterres hear whisp'ring *Zephyrs* call,  
Charm'd *Echo* from her PRINCELY BOW'R still answer-  
ing to all.

O'er fair POMONA's walks the Muse would rove,  
Nor envy TEMPE's vale, nor fabl'd grove :  
A FAIRER than POMONA bears command,  
Or SHE who haunts EUROTA's flow'ry strand,  
And leads a brighter CHOIR : the angel grace  
Of young eye'd beauty marks her NOBLE RACE.  
The TRAIN of blooming HOPE fit smiling there,  
Full sweet the FRUIT whose BLOSSOM shews so fair !

A nation turns, and marks with pleas'd surprise,  
The godlike VIRTUES of their RACE arise :



Sees from the PARENT TREE his BRANCHES shoot,  
 With promise rip'ning into GOLDEN FRUIT.  
 That best AMBITION to be TRULY GREAT,  
 And wed bright HONOUR to a high estate ;  
 Making the tide of all their greatness flow  
 Back to the ocean, whence its succours grow ;  
 To BOUNTEOUS HEAVEN, that gave a PRINCELY SHARE,  
 For blessing thousands cast upon their care :  
 Gave POWER and WORTH, an image of her own,  
 To shake Corruption on her venal throne :  
 Gave ELOQUENCE, to rouse the KINDLING BAND  
 Of PATRIOTS FIRM, and save a sinking land.

To crown FINE TALENTS, gave a PRINCELY SOUL,  
 Like magnet faithful to its native pole ;  
 With ardor in their COUNTRY'S CAUSE to burn,  
 And every virtue to this CENTER turn ;  
 To stem the plagues which taint a nation's blood,  
 The bane of Av'rice, Riot's torrent flood ;  
 The tide of venal baseness, and the shame,  
 The worst to blast a nation's awful fame.  
 T' unmask the snakes of Faction's hydra band,  
 And crush each mean usurper thro' the land.  
 To expel the STYGIAN brood, and woo the GRACE  
 Of PUBLIC VIRTUES to resume their place :  
 Woo CONCORD, PEACE, with wreaths of olive crown'd,  
 From dove-like wing dispensing blessings round ;  
 The PUBLIC LOVE which blaz'd in happier times ;  
 Bright TEMPERANCE, unstain'd with modern crimes :



Rough INDUSTRY to build the COMMON WEAL,  
 And fraught with great DESIGNS the PUBLIC ZEAL,  
 To touch each cordial spring; the PARENT, SOUL,  
 Like FIRE PROMETHEAN to inspire the whole.

THEY come, each glorious PURPOSE to pursue;  
 At their approach, see fading scenes renew:  
 City and mart with NEW-BORN PRIDE appear;  
 And rural scenes the BLOOM of EDEN wear.  
 COMMERCE, more gay, explores each distant land,  
 And richer HARVESTS tempt the reapers hand.  
 The CHERISH'D ARTS, with fond ambition join,  
 To charm the LIBERAL SOUL that makes them shine:  
 BRIGHT SCIENCE lifts aloft her starry head;  
 And every MUSE explores the SHELTERING SHADE.

Such was my theme, as by the winding stream  
 Of shady Esk I shunn'd the Summer beam;  
 List'ning, I heard, or seem'd to hear the call  
 To visit, NOBLE SCOTT, thy PRINCELY HALL:  
 Following with grateful step, "The storm is o'er,  
 "I said, my bark now finds a sheltering shore.  
 "Th' infidious shelves are past, which lurking lay,  
 "Like deadly Malice, to devour their prey.  
 "I fear not galling Scorn's envenom'd dart;  
 "Nor Envy's snake, which gnaws the Villain's heart:  
 "Nor Critic's fang, nor Harpy's hateful cry,  
 "My CHIEFTAIN'S PALACE is my SANCTUARY."

Edinburgh, 8th July, 1771.

T O

The Right Honourable  
The Lady ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND,  
Countess of SUTHERLAND,  
Lady STRATHNAVER, &c.

To the Lady ELIZABETH WEMYSS.

To the Lady ALVA.

To his Grace JOHN Duke of ATHOLE.

And to all the HONOURABLE GUARDIANS of the  
NOBLE HEIR and REPRESENTATIVE of the most an-  
cient EARLS of SUTHERLAND,

These Cantos are,

With the most profound respect,

Inscribed by their most devoted

Humble servant,

ROBERT COLVILL





## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**T**HE design of these cantos now offered to the publick, is to celebrate the late decision of the British PEERS, in favours of the NOBLE HEIR and REPRESENTATIVE of the most illustrious and ancient Earls of SUTHERLAND.

The invasion of SCOTLAND by the SCANDIAN PRINCES, is a dark period of history, and most suitable of any for poetical relation and invention. Fancy may range unchallenged in so large a common, and defy the jargon of critical strictures.

The conflict here related happened at some little distance from the Castle of DUNROBIN, the ancient seat and residence of these HEROES. After ravaging the southern counties of SCOTLAND, SUENO landed in SUTHERLAND, and was there entirely defeated. Some tombs of the DANISH KING and his CHIEFTAINS, are still to be seen at some little distance from the FAMILY SEAT.

The writer of these cantos shall observe in his own defence, that any rigid criticism upon his introducing what some will say, names and families too modern, appears altogether frivolous, as BUCHANAN and others on these times, represent the CHIEFTAINS in LOTHIAN, MERSE, and FIFE, as present at these encounters with the SCANDIAN PRINCES.

DYSART, 21st MARCH 1771.





T H E  
CALEDONIAN HEROINE,  
O R, T H E  
I N V A S I O N A N D F A L L  
O F  
S U E N O.

C A N T O I.

*Such were the words of the Bards in the days of the song,  
when the King heard the music of harps, and the tales of other  
times.*

OSSIAN.

L O U D swell'd the breeze from NORWAY's shore,  
The wild waves growl'd with deaf'ning found,  
As EURUS trump was heard to roar,  
Must'ring his airy squadrons round.

B



Sadly along the groaning wood  
 Demons of death were heard to call,  
 In summons, where proud bulwarks stood,  
 In warlike strength round WILLIAM's hall.

There, 'mid her faithful vassal train,  
 With hearts to conquer, or to die,  
 ELIZA sat; her beauteous mein  
 Eclips'd by Sorrow's tearful eye.

In fable weeds her princely state  
 Was veil'd; the charm of youthful bloom,  
 In clouds of grief; for she had wept,  
 An orphan, o'er her parents tomb.

No father's arm to shield this flow'r,  
 No mother's wakeful care to tend,  
 No brother bold 'gainst hostile pow'r,  
 To rise the noble orphan's friend.

Helpless herself, and all forlorn,  
 Her guide, her guard, sweet Innocence,  
 'Gainst worldly rapine, fraud, or scorn,  
 Her bulwark high, stood Providence.

And tidings of fierce SUEW' were told,  
 How winged fleets in dread array  
 Approach'd: the SCANDIAN vulture bold;  
 With keen eye hov'ring o'er his prey.

Their brother's blood stain'd DOURNES \* plain,  
 Vengeful they fear nor wind nor wave ;  
 They vow'd lost trophies to regain,  
 Or find their warlike kinsmens grave.

With twelve tall ships, and horrent arms,  
 His banners streaming to the gale,  
 First SUENO rush'd with fierce alarms,  
 With him three thousand warriors fail.

Fierce followed on the foaming flood,  
 With equal ships and equal host,  
 Like eaglet bent on spoil and blood,  
 The furious PRINCE, his father's boast.

ALRIC, who taught his helmed crew  
 To launch keen shafts from DOFRINE bows,  
 With ten ships o'er the billows flew ;  
 Two thousand skill'd the train compose.

Next steer'd for SCOTIA'S verdant plains,  
 HENGIST the Great, the DANISH pride ;  
 Two thousand axes arm his trains,  
 Eight tow'ring vessels stem the tide.

\* The ancient name of DORNOCH, the chief town in SUTHERLAND, pleasantly situated upon the coast, and watered by the Firth of that name; it lies about ten miles to the southward of the stately castle of DUNROBIN, the seat of the most noble and ancient Earls of SUTHERLAND.



From dreary FINLAND's freezing flood,  
His northern bowmen ORCA drew ;  
Their winged shafts of mountain wood  
From sounding horn of Rein-deer flew.

Then, widely fam'd for naval broils,  
Came NORVAIN, with three thousand spears,  
Full richly deck'd in ENGLISH spoils ;  
Now swift for SCOTIA's strand he steers.

Last, with twelve hundred in his train,  
Their GOTHIC swords in gore to steep,  
All vengeful, for his kinsmen slain,  
Fell HUBBA plough'd the foaming deep.

And now was heard the chosen band,  
Erst sent to scour the winding coast,  
" Th' invaders march along the strand,  
" From tempests 'scap'd a dreadful host.

" Full fifty hundred bowmen bold,  
" And fifty hundred spearmen bright,  
" With warlike steeds and banner'd gold,  
" To lord it o'er these walls to-night."

Appall'd her faithful GUARDIAN rose,  
" Good heaven's great help be here she cries ;  
" We fall the spoil of bloody foes,  
" Whose outrage heaven and earth defies.



- " And have we liv'd to mourn the chains  
 " Of DENMARK ! to behold, sad fate !  
 " These tow'rs laid waste, her rich domains,  
 " ELIZA slave on SUEÑO wait ! "

Trembling she sunk ; the struggling croud  
 Of pow'rful passions seal'd her tongue ;  
 Each bosom bled ; while echoing loud  
 With female cries, the castle rung.

Then from her seat, with accents new,  
 For heav'n the princely MATD inspir'd,  
 She thus bespoke her vassals true,  
 In guise which drooping courage fir'd.

- " The DANES come on to win these tow'rs,  
 " Eager and mighty for the fray ;  
 " But heav'n shall blast their vaunting pow'rs,  
 " Fell havock pierce their deep array.

- " Just is our cause, and I have heard  
 " How my FOREFATHERS, just and brave,  
 " In bloody fields their standard rear'd,  
 " Their country's FAITH, or RIGHTS to save.

- " Oft have I heard the wondrous tale  
 " Of glorious deeds perform'd by few ;  
 " Then why shou'd chilling fears prevail,  
 " When heav'n these wonders may renew ?

“ And I have sent to BERTHA’S \* walls,  
“ Where our good KING with noble host  
“ Of warriors meets, to ward the thralls  
“ Of bloody SUEW from SCOTLAND’S coast.  
  
“ Hence, hence with fears ill-tim’d delay !  
“ Heroic ardor fires my breast,  
“ And heav’n may send ere morning ray,  
“ An arm up-raising the depress’d.”

She ceas’d ; her words, like vernal show’rs  
To drooping fields, new life convey’d,  
To arm the brave, who from the tow’rs,  
Now helms and blazon’d shields display’d.

They shine in arms ; and high in air  
Her banners of defiance flew ;  
Such was the sign, her bands repair  
From neighbouring seats a dauntless crew.

\* BERTHA was a very ancient town and fortress, it stood on the south side of the Frith of TAY, at the mouth of the river ALMOND. Having been entirely demolished by an inundation of the TAY about the thirteenth century, it was soon after rebuilt by the Scots King, in a most agreeable situation, as a garrison city, and ever since, it bears the Chieftain’s name of PERTH, who was proprietor of these lands.



Bold HUGO, sprung from ANCIENT LINE  
 Of \* FRESKYN fam'd in LOCHLIN's † wars,  
 SINCLAIR, whose bands in helmets shine,  
 Won from fell NORS † with honour'd scars,

From DUFFUS walls march'd ERIC brave,  
 REYNALD from CLEYN; great ALPIN pours,  
 With archers skill'd, where o'er the wave  
 Fam'd HELMSDALE lifts embattl'd tow'rs.

\* The noble family of SUTHERLAND (now represented by the young Countess, the Lady ELIZABETH, a minor) is inferior to none, and in the right of ancient nobility, has the precedence before all the Earls, being raised to the dignity of Earls of SUTHERLAND, many centuries ago. The hero from whom they trace their descent was, according to the simplicity of these times, stiled HUGO FRESKYN: his son, WILLIAM, as appears by record, was Earl of SUTHERLAND long before 1214. Sprung from the most ancient race of SCOTTISH heroes, the records of their prowess and chivalry goes back to the wars of FINGAL and LOCHLIN.

In the troublesome æra of BRUCE and BALIOL, they were distinguished for their supporting and defending the cause of their country against the insolent tyranny and oppression of EDWARD. And in the heroic age which followed, of DOUGLAS and PIERCY, their valour and attention to the public interest, was singular among the first.

KENNETH, the third Earl, march'd his clan along with DOUGLAS, the regent, in that unfortunate expedition, undertaken to relieve BERWICK, then hard pressed with continual siege by the ENGLISH. The battle of HALIDON-HILL proved fatal, in which he was slain, after uncommon proofs of his undaunted  
 courage

† Ancient names of NORWAY and DENMARK.

Nor fail'd the CHIEFS in mountains high,  
 By ocean's stream, or TAIN's so fair,  
 A host of brothers sworn to die,  
 Or rescue princely WILLIAM'S HEIR.

The bridge up-drawn, from its dark cell  
 Rush'd iron portcullis harsh and strong;  
 Peal'd from the spire war's dreadful knell;  
 The warriors o'er the bulwarks throng.

courage against the vastly superior forces of the enemy. With him fell also DOUGLAS, the Earls of ROSS and CARIC, with JAMES, JOHN, and ALLAN STEWART, uncles to ROBERT the Second: this battle was lost in 1333.

WILLIAM, the fourth Earl, married MARGARET, daughter of ROBERT the First, and younger sister to DAVID, his successor. This prince, upon his return to the throne, after a tedious captivity, forfeited several of the most powerful, for their cowardice and misconduct in the battle near DURHAM, where he lost his crown and liberty for so many years. It seems some of the nobility had most shamefully retreated, without striking a blow, while DAVID was taken prisoner in the very center of the ENGLISH army, fighting desperately to the last, and striking down his assailants with his gauntlet, after he had broken his sword.

Amongst others, he passed by ROBERT STEWART, his nephew by his eldest sister, and settled the crown, with the form of these old times, upon ALEXANDER, son of MARGARET; he even convened the nobles, and prevailed with them, in public assembly, to swear allegiance to his nephew, as his heir apparent; but upon the untimely death of this most promising young nobleman, the design as to the settlement of the crown was frustrated, and ROBERT came again into favour. After the death of ALEXANDER, WILLIAM, his father, had other children by the King's sister; his eldest was WILLIAM, fifth Earl of SUTHERLAND. See BUCHANAN's history of SCOTLAND, lib. 9, c. 37.

The applause, with which the Earls of SUTHERLAND have done honour to nobility in later times, whether as heroes or statesmen, is well known, and needs not to be here repeated.



The DANES advanc'd in grim array,  
Fierce ensigns streaming to the wind:  
Flight and amazement mark their way;  
Stalk Death and Solitude behind.

In front, high plum'd, in glitt'ring arms  
Rode gallant SUEN', his Captains round,  
Stern vet'rans train'd to war's alarms,  
And now the herald-trumpets found.

“ Set wide your gates ! I proffer life,  
“ Rebels ! receive your rightful Lord,  
“ Nor madly dare in bloody strife,  
“ The rage of SUENO's conqu'ring sword.

“ If, desp'rate, ye contemn my grace,  
“ And SCANDIA's legions dare defy,  
“ Come forth and combat face to face,  
“ In bulwarks skulking cowards ly.

“ Who wins the field shall share the spoils,  
“ These rich DOMAINS, this castle fair,  
“ With TITLES proud to crown his toils,  
“ The vanquish'd death, and black despair.”

He said, and 'vengeful in his mood,  
With furious brigade, forc'd his way,  
Nor mark'd where ALPIN's bowmen stood  
With winged deaths to meet their prey.

Thrice strove the narrow pass to gain,  
 And thrice the feather'd jav'lins flew ;  
 At ev'ry flight stretch'd on the plain  
 Full forty gallant DANES they flew.

Enrag'd, and mourning war's mischance,  
 Sign of retreat, he winds his horn,  
 Swore by his gods, the DANISH lance  
 Should shake their proudest walls ere morn.

The morning blaz'd with fiery ray,  
 Purpling the plain and WILLIAM's tow'rs,  
 Ush'ring the havock of the day,  
 And fiercely march'd the DANISH pow'rs.

Full in the van with soldier's skill,  
 And soldier's pride his camp he plac'd ;  
 The rivers urg'd his trenches fill,  
 And rising tow'rs his rampart grac'd.

Hence ten long days and ten long nights,  
 His slings and archers ply'd the foe,  
 Till, pity it was, in random fights,  
 Full many a youth was laid full low.

Thick from the walls, the iron show'r  
 Of arrowy fleet and missils came ;  
 Back rush'd fierce fire-brands to devour  
 Their bulwarks whelm'd in stench and flame.



Harrafs'd and torn with galling wounds,  
 The little host their turrets grac'd,  
 A braver host on SCOTTISH grounds  
 The rage of DENMARK never fac'd :

From rank to rank, in nodding crest  
 And burnish'd arms, ELIZA flew,  
 " Fight on, brave hearts, Hope in my breast,  
 " Still whispers what great heav'n may do."

With gallant semblance thus she chear'd,  
 Her soldiers stern, till great design,  
 Which oft in female breast had veer'd,  
 Disclos'd 'gan every chief incline.

For she had heard her sovereign LORD  
 With num'rous host at NESSA \* lay ;  
 And she must guide the monarch's sword,  
 Where branching friths perplex his way.

To lead his perilous march she chose,  
 Begirt with select vassal pow'r,  
 To force her pass thro' num'rous foes,  
 What time the shades of ev'ning lour.

\* Now INVERNESS, the ancient town, or fortress, which stood on the south side of the river of that name, where it falls into MURRAY frith : it was built by EVENUS Second, in such a manner as to serve either for war or merchandize, for Enner, in the ancient SCOTS language, denotes a place where ships arrive.

Still eve drew round her deepning train,  
 ELIZA pass'd with silent tread :  
 Her champions to repel the DANE,  
 HUGO the bold, and SINCLAIR led.

Rang'd on each side stern ALPIN drew,  
 His bowmen fell, like bulwark strong ;  
 While valiant CLEYN with heart so true,  
 Maintains the tow'rs with daring throng.

And now they cros'd the DANISH mound,  
 Th' astonish'd watch awake and die,  
 By HUGO there they bite the ground,  
 Here SINCLAIR's waving sabre fly.

And now the mountain pass they clear,  
 Where ORCAS northern squadrons lay ;  
 The DANISH toils like lions tear,  
 Their hunters rend, a helpless prey.

The chief of FINLAND guards his charge ;  
 In breach of war, with desp'rate band,  
 Young ORCA falls by wasteful rage  
 Of valiant SINCLAIR's flaming brand.

Dread in his wrath, with vengeful bow,  
 The fire came on ; his shafts resound ;  
 Struck to the heart by deadly blow,  
 Young REYNOLD press'd the bloody ground.



Still on ELIZA forc'd her way,  
 Begirt with heroes, kindred train,  
 Till FINLAND's haughty chieftain lay  
 In fight by noble HUGO slain.

Fierce he assail'd the center guards,  
 With savage rout, and shafts of death;  
 His bow the shield of DUFFUS wards,  
 Thy sabre, HUGO ! clos'd his breath.

And now the mountain pass secure  
 Th' exulting host prepar'd to hold,  
 When bloody SUEN' with all his pow'r  
 By circ'ling march with-stood the bold.

Breathing revenge, the furious DANE  
 With raging bands the SCOTS beset,  
 Like foaming wolves, by hunter's train,  
 Fierce baited in the tangling net.

In wedging brigade, thrice they toil'd  
 With faulchions keen to hew their way;  
 And thrice in circling orb recoil'd,  
 HUGO repair'd his grim array.

In front young SUEN provokes the strife,  
 And LANGVAL brave and TORBOL flew,  
 Fierce DUFFUS for his vassals life,  
 Cleft IVAR stern, and DARGO thro'.

O'ertoil'd and spent by NORVAIN's wound,  
 Brave SINCLAIR from the front retreats :  
 By HENGIST valiant DUFFUS stun'd.  
 Is borne apart by faithful mates.

Then HUGO ceas'd from fruitless toil  
 Where fates oppose ; to ALPIN calls,  
 " With active bows the DANES embroil,  
 " We fall or must regain our walls."

Around his PRINCELY CHARGE he cast  
 The bulwark of his buckler strong ;  
 Swift to the walls like lightning prest ;  
 Like Parthian ALPIN fought along.

Dread, like their forrests kindling blaze,  
 Thro' foes they urge their bloody course ;  
 And now the castle high displays  
 Her friendly tow'rs a near resource.

And now the faithful CLEYN has heard  
 With speechless grief of REYNOLD slain ;  
 To war he rush'd with faulchion rear'd  
 In dreadful fally, o'er the DANE.

Thrice charg'd the foe in raging mood,  
 Before him ACHO, HELRIC, falls ;  
 Dread in the pass, and stain'd with blood,  
 He guards ELIZA to the walls.



ELIZA safe, the ent'ring host  
 With em'lous haste secure the gate ;  
 Hung from the walls their trophied boast  
 Of ORCA's arms, and flag of state.

Again the DANES with leaguer new,  
 And rampart high, the Fort inclose ;  
 Again ELIZA's toils renew,  
 Assail'd with hosts of barb'rous foes.

All day their warlike engines ply,  
 When night obscures, their savage pow'r  
 Invade the gates with barb'rous cry,  
 And raging storm, till morning hour.

Long hung the war in doubtful scale,  
 Resolv'd on death before they'd yield,  
 Till savage numbers 'gan prevail  
 With perseverance o'er the field.

Their ev'ry hope of succour fled,  
 Despair unmans great HUGO's soul ;  
 Their spears no more with success sped,  
 Their bows no more the DANE controul.

And now the circling moat was pass'd,  
 Fierce tribes with raging fury stung,  
 To burst the gates like thunder press'd ;  
 Within lament and uproar rung.

In van, like MARS, with THRACIAN bands,  
 The furious chief drew ev'ry eye,  
 As dread he strove with blazing brands  
 To scale, and fire the turrets high.

And now loud bursting bands give way,  
 Redoubled axes rend the gates,  
 The murd'rer marks his trembling prey,  
 The sword of bloody slaughter waits.

One raging hour had sunk thy tow'rs,  
 ELIZA ! sack'd by fire and sword ;  
 And thou with all thy loyal pow'rs  
 Hadst bled, or own'd a foreign lord.

When lo ! loud pealing on the ear,  
 The clanging trumpet's silver sound,  
 With trampling steeds, spoke succour near,  
 With shouts the hills and dales rebound.

He comes ! the happy watchman cries,  
 He comes !—the King with all his host ;  
 He comes like lightning from the skies,  
 Thou bloody DANE ! to mar thy boast.

And now their sovereign LIEGE is heard,  
 “ Health to the brave in WILLIAM'S Hall ;  
 “ O'er SUEN' the brand of death is rear'd,  
 “ Come forth and see the invader's fall !



Glad o'er the tow'rs the tidings rung,  
 The bands like long lost brethren meet,  
 Fond o'er her charge the GUARDIAN hung,  
 Their loud acclaims their SOVEREIGN greet.

" For other toils proud SUEW' ! prepare !

" For other FATES reverse thy loom :

" The GHASTLY TRAIN bestride the air

" To weave thy foldier's baleful doom.

" The \* SISTERS hurry to the heath,

" The web is wove, the thread is spun,

" Intwin'd with black despair and death,

" For LOCHLIN ere the setting sun."

## F

\* ODIN, or WODEN, as we see from the GOTHIC Mythology, was the power who presided over war ; his rites were most religiously observed by these barbarous nations, whose history contains little else than one continued sacrifice of war and inroad in honour of their chief Divinity.

Besides WODEN, there were likewise the VHALKYRHIUR, a troop of female Divinities, of inferior order, who seem to have been servants to the god of war : their name signifies THE CHUSERS OF THE SLAIN. Mounted on flying steeds, they attended the warriors in battle, as so many genii, who presided over, and directed the issue of their bloody encounters.

With flaming swords they passed amongst the combatants, and in the throng of battle, selecting such as were destined for slaughter, conducted their victims to the awful VALHALLA, that is, the Hall of ODIN, or Paradise of the brave. There the slain were supposed to attend as servants upon the ghosts of their conquerors, whom they served in station of Cup-bearers.

See the Orcades of THORMODUS TORFOEUS, BARTHOLINUS de causis contemnendæ mortis, or the beautiful Ode of the Fatal Sisters by the ingenious Mr. GRAY.

With bodings dire stern SUEN' withdrew,  
 Yet mask'd his fear : with leaders haste  
 His troops for battle to renew,  
 He sees them share the copious feast.

Aloud while gen'rous wines o'erflow,  
 He fires his bands with records old  
 Of mighty hosts, and Kings laid low,  
 And vows the spoil to rouse the bold.

Meanwhile, in WILLIAM's hall of state,  
 The KING refresh'd with valiant peers ;  
 Hears the fair DAME her toils relate,  
 And with his praise and presence cheers.

Then leading forth his eager train,  
 He charg'd ELIZA's war-worn host  
 From toils of battle to refrain,  
 And guard their walls important post.

Advancing where in fight the down,  
 Gave ample space for war's array,  
 He bid the horns, with lordly frown,  
 Defy the DANE in bloody fray.

In burnish'd arms on fiery steed,  
 His red plumes dancing in the gale,  
 He shone and swore bold SUEN' should bleed,  
 Nor one return to tell the tale.



Around their KING in firm array,  
 With thronging helms and lances bright,  
 Like SPARTA o'er the MALIAN bay,  
 Bold BARONS march the bands of fight.

First tow'r'd to war the LOYAL GRÆME  
 With host, and horrent ensigns rear'd ;  
 His trumpets pealing fierce acclaim  
 Of CHIEFS in mortal combat fear'd.

\* Great MARCH who foil'd in bloody fields  
 The ENGLISH and BATAVIAN arms ;  
 LESLIE and WEEMS with blazon'd shields,  
 Who trophies won in sea alarms.

ERSKINE and BRUCE, two mighty Thanes,  
 Dread guardians of the SCOTTISH shore,  
 STEWART, LYON, led their martial trains,  
 And rous'd them with the tales of yore.

From TATA's silver branching stream,  
 Sworn guardian to bold WILLIAM'S HEIR,  
 Great ATHOLE march'd with daz'ling gleam  
 Of spears and bucklers founding far.

\* The martial achievements of this warlike branch sprung from the noble house of DOUGLAS, and the memorable exploits of the other heroes here celebrated, may be seen at large in the historical tracts of BUCHANAN, ABERCROMBIE, and other SCOTS writers.

From winding TWEED's green pleasing dale,  
 Came princely SCOT, his COUNTRY'S BOAST,  
 On milk-white steed in shining mail,  
 The CHIEFTAIN rang'd his num'rous host.

Full proudly deck'd in EDWARD's spoils,  
 LOTHIAN explores his foreign prey,  
 With NISBET fam'd in martial broils,  
 And WHITEFOORD march this deep array.

In van, the pride of SCOTIA's peers,  
 The FLOW'R and BULWARK of the host,  
 EARL DOUGLAS rode with glitt'ring spears,  
 And BANNER CHIEF his rightful boast.

As lion gorg'd t'ward NILUS plain,  
 O'er NUBIAN mountains bends his way,  
 So he fair ENGLAND's champions slain,  
 Came rous'd to rend the DANISH prey.

And by his side in GALLIC mail,  
 His 'squire when PIERCY he defy'd,  
 Rode trusty COLVILLE of the Dale,  
 In ev'ry field and fortune try'd.

Though neither wealth, nor titl'd name,  
 May to this faithful 'squire belong,  
 Yet shall the Muse record his fame,  
 Resounding in her future song.



He lov'd his LORD, and to his race  
 Left all his store, a LOYAL HEART,  
 Which envy's tooth cou'd ne'er efface,  
 Nor galling scorn's envenom'd dart.

For what's the rudeness of the storm,  
 Illib'ral fraud and malice raise !  
 What the mean effort to deform  
 Th' unfading PLUME of VIRTUE'S PRAISE !

Nor envious cloud, nor STYGIAN steam,  
 Can quench HYPERION's golden light ;  
 And LOYAL FAME repairs her BEAM,  
 Like the fair star on brow of night.

G

## C A N T O II.

*Quis te, MAGNE CATO, tacitum, aut te, COSSE, relinquat?*  
*Quis GRACCHI GENUS, aut GEMINOS duo fulmina belli*  
*SCIPIADAS, cladem LIBYÆ!* VIRG. Æn. 6.

THOU MUSE ! who warm with native fire,  
Peal'd on the harp the martial strain  
Of FINGAL's field, deign to inspire  
Me, rudest of the tuneful train.

So, happ'ly charm'd, the nicer ear  
Of PEERS and COURTLY DAMES, my verse  
May suit, while I, devoid of fear,  
Their TRIUMPHS and their TOILS rehearse.

The hosts arrang'd, with warlike pride,  
In front the CHIEFS in shining mail  
For onset fierce the field divide ;  
And spread proud banners to the gale.



Silent as death, each adverse foe  
 Defiance low'rs ; and now resounds  
 The gen'ral charge : From many a bow  
 The darts o'er head, bear distant wounds,

As bellowing herds rush on amain,  
 Who long had fought with rival rage  
 Each other, thus in dusty plain,  
 With thund'ring sound the hosts engage,

The neighing steeds, the clang of arms,  
 The brigades rushing to the war,  
 The groans of death, the proud alarms,  
 Up the long dales re-echo far,

Earl DOUGLAS fierce with SCOTTISH spears  
 Thro' broken squadrons rends his way,  
 SIWARD and Horsa, 'mid their peers,  
 Pierc'd by his lance, expiring lay.

On the rough edge of fight, attyr'd  
 In mail, the vaunting RAYMOND stood :  
 By DOUGLAS' spear the chief expir'd  
 His furious soul in streaming blood.

Then o'er the horrid breach of war,  
 The VICTOR spurr'd with foaming steed ;  
 His silver trumpets pealing far,  
 The knell of many a warrior dead.

Circling the DANISH bowmen pour,  
 'Mid raging files, with arrowy flight :  
 Dread HENGIST's pole-ax dyed in gore,  
 Heaps carnage round and wild affright.

He vow'd to SUEN' to reap that day  
 Fresh wreaths, or perish with his host :  
 Already tears the trembling prey,  
 When GRÆME withstood the victor's boast.

Sprung from the FLOW'R of SCOTTISH line,  
 His troops like lightning rush'd along ;  
 In front his deadly lances shine,  
 Brandish'd to gore the DOFRINE throng.

Thrice o'er the right, GRÆME charg'd amain,  
 The slaughter'd heaps around him grew :  
 Great HENGIST, wasteful on the plain,  
 He met, his thirsty jav'lin flew :

Deep in the bounding courser's breast  
 It quiv'ring stood ; with clanging sound  
 The foe, array'd in mailly vest,  
 Indignant, vaulted to the ground.

Like ANTEUS with reviving force,  
 Dread HENGIST on his RIVAL sprung,  
 Whose thirsty spear arrests his course,  
 He falls ; his brazen armour rung.



ALRIC, who saw his brother bleed,  
 For vengeance bent his DOFRINE bows;  
 Fierce archers ply with bloody speed,  
 Before them sink their vanquish'd foes.

O'er warlike MORED, TAINO slain,  
 With founding shafts he urg'd his way,  
 'Till LESLIE, WEEMS, repell'd the DANE,  
 Like raging wolf rob'd of his prey.

They mark'd their spoil, where rich with gold,  
 The DOFRINE standard blaz'd afar;  
 "Yonder the prize! to grace the bold,  
 "Who trophies seek in tide of war."

O'er DRURO fall'n, and OSMOND'S throng,  
 His conqu'ring fabre LESLIE fears;  
 From CANUTE slain, his guards among,  
 The banner'd trophy WEMYS tears.

This BALDWIN saw; in raging coil  
 With furious bows the archer came,  
 Swore to regain the martial spoil,  
 Or sink in dust his warlike fame.

Full fast he shot at WEMYS' heart,  
 The jav'lins flew with erring speed;  
 As fierce he drew a furer dart,  
 The VICTOR'S faulchion lopt his head.

Nor shall thy prowess pass unfung,  
 Renown'd in many a dreadful field,  
 Victorious BRUCE ! with trophies hung  
 Of DANBROG slain his bow and shield.

SCOTLAND shall read with fond surprise  
 The annals of her CHAMPION BRAVE,  
 Still view SUCCEEDING PATRIOTS rise,  
 Like PHOENIX from his PARENTS grave.

Nor fail'd thy deathful sabre rear'd,  
 Victorious MARCH ! 'mid closing fight ;  
 That sabre often richly smear'd  
 In ANGLIA'S blood, for SCOTLAND'S right.

Thro' helm and riven mail it goes  
 Resistless ; prone, amid' the slain  
 ORSIN and CADWALL, valiant foes,  
 Who ensigns bore, he fell'd amain.

Thus, gallant in their country's cause,  
 The CHIEFTAINS quell'd the hostile crew :  
 The noble thirst of glory draws  
 The other wing with courage true.



STEWART and ERSKINE with the shaft,  
Of quiver'd archers gall'd them fore,  
Thro' helm and brazen hauberk \* cleft,  
By GALA's ax they sink in gore.

Great LION charg'd, whose fiery steed  
Transfix'd by fierce ORELLAN thro',  
He gash'd the DANE with bloody speed,  
Then o'er his captive courser flew.

Like dragon fell roll'd in his den  
Breathing revenge, his cohorts round  
ALRIC hung o'er his brother slain,  
And heard BALCLUCHO's trumpets found.

Vengeful he heard, and bent on blood,  
Arrang'd his archers deep array,  
Defying SCOT, whose phalanx stood  
With bristling spears to meet their prey.

Hear HENGIST ! hear ! in WODEN's Hall,  
I vow the sacrifice of death,  
The vaunting foe who saw thy fall  
Shall drench with blood the purple heath.

\* Hauberk was a sort of corslet, or armour, for the body, peculiar to the ancient warriors ; it was composed of a net-work of steel ringlets, or of brass, frequently, as we read of them used in old times ; this armour was light and easy in battle, and most proper in standing fight, being so pliable, and adapting itself to all the motions of the body.

His trusty bowmen to the head,  
 With warlike force their arrows drew;  
 Twangs the tough horn; thro' erring speed  
 They rarely gore the hostile crew.

Not so GREAT SCOT with lances fierce,  
 His gloomy phalanx rends their way,  
 Now thro' the guards of ALRIC pierce,  
 While many a youth expiring lay.

Unconquer'd rag'd the DANISH lord,  
 His DOFRINE bow now cast aside,  
 He cut his way with flaming sword,  
 In FOSTER's gore and ROGART's dy'd.

Disdaining life, his broad shield cast,  
 Before his steps with warlike cry,  
 Mid' thousand spears to SCOT he prest,  
 With great revenge, resolv'd to die.

As mountain pard, rob'd of his young,  
 Invades the spoiler with his prey,  
 So he with grief and fury stung,  
 'Mid closing squadrons rends his way.

In mid career, with thund'ring sound,  
 The CHIEFTAINS close: In shivers flew  
 The spears; in fiery circles round  
 Their faulchions dire the charge renew.



The DANISH steel high rais'd to smite  
Thro' riven shield like tempest broke ;  
There stay'd ; as with decisive might  
Great SCOT impell'd his deadly stroke.

Then ALRIC o'er his BROTHER slain  
Fell woful gash'd : the GEN'ROUS FOE  
Exclaims, O ALRIC, brave in vain !  
Proud DENMARK's plume in thee lies low !

And now the doleful tidings ran  
Of ALRIC ; deep with anguish stung,  
His son came rushing to the van  
With furious bow for slaughter strung.

He beat his breast, and cry'd aloud,  
Now LOCHLIN's glory lies full low,  
While SCOTLAND vaunts in ALRIC's blood,  
Our shafts unstain'd inglorious show.

HERO ! I come to share thy fate  
At ODIN's feast, in bright abodes,  
Where SCOTLAND's KING a slave shall wait  
On THEE, I swear by all our gods.

With filial awe thrice kiss'd the dead,  
With tears thrice bath'd his gaping wound,  
Then fought the KING on bounding steed,  
Where thronging banners wav'd around.

With wasteful pole-ax by his LORD,  
 GREAT ATHOLE rode, with gallant pride  
 His champion fam'd ; his conqu'ring sword  
 In many a raging field was dy'd.

Like GRIFFON fell with deadly fang,  
 The DANE with archers forc'd along ;  
 The arrows spring with bounding clang  
 Thro' GRAY, and MALCOM stretch'd along.

Then ATHOLE turn'd to work of death ;  
 The glancing darts in shivers flew ;  
 RUNIC and THOR with crested wreath,  
 The fiercest twain his pole-ax flew.

Still on the raging LEADER press'd,  
 And cull'd a dart from quiver'd store ;  
 " In royal eagle's plumage dress'd,  
 " Go drench thy wings in Monarch's gore !"

With pole-ax rais'd in wrathful mood,  
 ATHOLE assails with ardor meet ;  
 And prone the DANE in streaming blood  
 Fell brain'd beneath his sov'REIGN's feet.

A YOUTH there was of good degree,  
 From FORTHA's winding floods he came,  
 His fire, renown'd for loyalty,  
 In bloody fields had purchas'd fame.



His silver'd age o'ertoil'd the KNIGHT,  
 In peace reposing vaunts his scars ;  
 His steady clan, with lances bright,  
 Follow'd young CHARTERS to the wars.

He saw how SUENO's desp'rate bands  
 Full many a wasteful inroad made,  
 How HAY beneath his mighty hands,  
 And active KEITH in dust were laid.

He saw his bravest vassals bleed,  
 And stung beneath his SOV'REIGN's eye,  
 Follow, ye brave ! your course I lead  
 To glorious death, or trophies high.

Aloft, with Gorgon terrors fell,  
 Th' INCHANTED STANDARD \* seem'd to glow,  
 As shaking death and slaughter pale,  
 With ruin wild, on vanquish'd foe.

\* The device portrayed on the DANISH standard, was a raven, the proper emblem to denote the savage genius of that ancient and warlike people. Their leaders, that they might inspire the host with more invincible courage and assurance in battle, gave out how this banner carried with it a supernatural charm: how it was woven by the sisters of King IVAR, a most savage prince, how they raised a tempest while at work, and all the demons of destruction, who hung over the woof with their baleful influence ; so that whenever it was advanced in fight, it should shake terror and destruction on the enemy. - These very picturesque lines in the mask of

ALFRED.

He pass'd the archers proud alarm,  
 He pass'd the wings with courage true,  
 Their RAVEN SIGN with daring arm  
 To seize like fire the HERO flew.

Ah ! youth, too brave ! ah ! hapless fire !  
 What magic sooth'd thy fears ! to yield  
 That son in battle to expire,  
 Whose arm thy tottering age might shield.

Where e'er his bloody couriers turn,  
 A thousand deaths are on the wing,  
 A thousand lances round him burn,  
 In air a thousand jav'lines sing.

Nor pointed spears retard his course,  
 Valour thro' these can burst its way ;  
 Shouting he claims with matchless force,  
 In throat of death his destin'd prey.

ALFRED, by THOMSON and MALLET, contain the best account we meet with of  
 this magic banner:

——— 'Tis the same.

- ' Wrought by the sisters of the DANISH king,
- ' Of furious IVAR, in a midnight hour :
- ' While the sick moon, at their enchanted song,
- ' Wrapt in pale tempest, labour'd thro' the clouds.
- ' The Demons of destruction then, they say,
- ' Were all abroad, and mixing with the woof
- ' Their baleful power : The sisters ever sung ;
- " Shake, standard, shake this ruin on our foes !"

ALFRED, Act. II. Scene 4.



Thrice thro' he charg'd the center band,  
 Stern guardians of their MAGIC SIGN ;  
 They sink before his wasteful brand,  
 And with their lives their charge resign.

Then to the KING, triumphant flies,  
 With trophy of immortal fame ;  
 The KING receives the glorious prize,  
 The host resounds his TITL'D NAME.

This SUEÑO saw, he winds his horn,  
 And gath'ring firm his deep array,  
 By mad despair and fury torn,  
 He puts his fate on one essay.

Singling amid' his circling peers,  
 The KING of SCOTS, with barb'rous cry,  
 Th' invader rush'd 'mid thousand spears  
 Bent to regain, or bravely die.

Then man to man, and horse to horse,  
 Their idle bows were cast aside,  
 When LOTHIAN'S jav'lin mark'd its course  
 In noble HUBBA'S warm blood dy'd.

In nodding crest and sounding mail,  
 The GOTHIC CHIEF gigantic tower'd,  
 With mace Herculean, to assail  
 The foe ; his brow with vengeance lowr'd.

Sedate in valour, LOTHIAN draws  
 His blade, and forward fiercely sprung,  
 In vengeance for his COUNTRY'S CAUSE;  
 With thundring storm their bucklers rung.

His shield repels the giant's blow  
 With brass emboss'd; as dread he drew,  
 With tempest aim to crush his foe,  
 Great LOTHIAN pierc'd his body thro'.

From where Esk's winding currents flow,  
 To lave the Fort's embattel'd tow'rs,  
 DALHOUSIE led with martial show,  
 His timely reinforcing pow'rs.

He mark'd where NORVAIN's captains spread  
 Dismay and carnage: fleetly bound  
 His chefnut steeds while over head,  
 His axes crash with hideous sound.

O'er breach of war he forc'd his way,  
 Their leaders fall'n, the DANES retire;  
 For ORLAND, RUFUS, pale as clay,  
 With ALBERT, by the CHIEF expire.

Then LION, WHITEFOORD, launch their spears,  
 And REGAN fierce, and ROMBALD flew,  
 As GAUL his pond'rous mace uprears,  
 The shafts of NISBET pierc'd him thro'.



Red raging slaughter stalks around,  
 The waisting ax descends amain ;  
 Cleft from their warlike steeds to ground,  
 Full many a foldier press'd the plain.

BALFOUR and OSWALD scour the field,  
 Where war unconquer'd vengeance lows,  
 As NORVAIN fell with clanging shield,  
 And rally'd bands to battle tow'rs.

TALGOL and NORS on steeds blood stain'd,  
 Led on the charge with daring frown ;  
 The one fell prone by OSWALD brain'd,  
 BALFOUR'S keen ax hew'd TALGOL down.

Like tygres rob'd with ensigns fierce,  
 And flaming blade, SUEN' urg'd his way,  
 Now thro' the royal band they pierce,  
 Now, shouting, claim the doubtful day.

Chill horror froze ELIZA'S blood,  
 She mark'd the peril of the KING,  
 With succours brave, who ready stood,  
 She left the walls like hawk on wing.

Onward with glitt'ring guards she prest,  
 'Mid beaming helms and lances throng ;  
 In snowy plume and corset vest,  
 Like AMAZON she rush'd along.

And by the FAIR on gallant steed,  
 Brave HUGO couch'd his quiv'ring spear ;  
 And ALPIN rode with bowmen dread,  
 Whose shafts the bleeding battle tear.

Mid' war and death she fought her lord,  
 The DANE had push'd him from the field,  
 Till DOUGLAS turn'd the DANISH sword,  
 And rush'd with interposing shield.

As noble floods, half drain'd, receive  
 The mountain torrents after rain,  
 And thunder thro', so rush'd the brave  
 With noise and ardour on the DANE.

O'er steeds and groaning heaps they go,  
 The charge resounds, the conflict burns,  
 Till daring NORVAIN'S warlike show  
 Fell in the van, while SCANDIA mourns.

Stern he advanc'd with glitt'ring spears,  
 And shook his horrent plumage high ;  
 The battle shrinks : where NORVAIN rears  
 His ruby crest, they fall or fly.

Thrice he repair'd the rallied war,  
 And thrice great MARCH repell'd the DANE,  
 As on with lances, dreaded far,  
 He rush'd, the captive MAID to gain,



He vow'd the DAME his destin'd spoil,  
 And fought to seize the BLOOMING PRIZE ;  
 Vain were his vows, all vain his toil,  
 By MARCH's steel the boaster dies.

And with him fell his rival LORD  
 The furious PRINCE ; Death shrouds his beam  
 Of hope ; the trophies of his sword  
 Are vanish'd like delusive dream.

The KING's keen pole-ax cleft him down,  
 As rude he seiz'd ELIZA's crest ;  
 The SIRE who saw him ghastly groan  
 To great revenge his soul addrest.

He call'd his fifty knights so true,  
 With huge blades arm'd, and helms of brass,  
 Then at the KING like lightning flew,  
 Cutting his way with dreadful pass.

“ Turn, murd'rer, turn, the fire demands,  
 “ Thy life to sooth my SUENO's shade,  
 “ Nor thine alone, thy servile bands,  
 “ With blood shall drench my thirsty blade.”

Full in the pass, all stain'd with blood,  
 YOUNG GRÆME did couch his quiv'ring lance,  
 Too bold with LOYAL RAGE he stood,  
 And dar'd the SCANDIAN to advance.

SUENO ! come on, thy warriors stay  
 For thee the feast in WODEN'S Hall,  
 And I have sworn my SOVEREIGN'S prey  
 Thine arms and helm with plumage tall.

Fierce SUENO answer'd with his sword,  
 Which dash'd his crest resounding far ;  
 Groaning and stunn'd before his LORD,  
 His mates him bore from ranks of war.

Then high plum'd BOSWAL from his horse,  
 With interposing LAING, he threw ;  
 His steel high rais'd with vengeful force,  
 Transfix'd the KING'S proud courser thro'.

Again he rais'd his desp'rate arm,  
 The KING on foot defy'd the DANE,  
 Fierce to his aid, with loud alarm,  
 The NOBLES rush, a LOYAL TRAIN.

With sounding bow, and quiver'd pride,  
 Like VOLSCIAN princess \* fam'd in song,  
 ELIZA swift was seen to ride,  
 And send keen shafts amid' the throng.

\* CAMILLA, a princess of the VOLSCIAN line. See the beautiful description of this warlike maid. VIRG. End of 7th ÆN.



Half had she sped her feather'd store,  
 When urg'd by fate, her arrow keen  
 Deep in SUEEN's shoulder drank the gore,  
 Like wounded bull more raging seen.

He turn'd, and reckless in his wrath  
 Assail'd the FAIR ; with ardour meet,  
 Earl DOUGLAS turn'd the brand of death,  
 Then charg'd the DANE like eagle fleet.

As lions fierce, on LIBYA's plain,  
 Encounter, foaming o'er their spoil,  
 Some heifer fair, the LEADERS twain,  
 Thus dread commence their warlike toil.

They bend, they wheel, then vengeful turn ;  
 With clanging roar their bucklers close ;  
 Aloft their circling falchions burn,  
 Thro' riven mail the crimson flows.

" Yield ROYAL SUEEN ! the day is lost,  
 " DOUGLAS admires thy prowess great ;  
 " Heav'n blasts the laurels of thy host,  
 " Yield ! and avert thy foldiers fate."

With hostile frown, braving his doom,  
 The DANE replies ; his thundering stroke  
 Cut sheer his rivals horrent plume,  
 Then on his shield like tempest broke.

Again their dreadful sabres glow,  
 Crossing in air : with matchless force,  
 As furious SUEN' collects his blow,  
 His rival's steel arrests its course.

Full where his helm shone waving high,  
 The DOUGLAS' sword with gaping wound,  
 Like lightning brandish'd from the sky,  
 Fell'd bloody SUENO to the ground.

Mad fury stung the knightly band,  
 They rush'd amain on pointed death,  
 These fall by GRÆME's vindictive brand,  
 These crush'd by ATHOLE dye the heath.

Twelve champions fought, all stain'd with blood,  
 By SUENO's corse to end their toil ;  
 They fall where DOUGLAS dreadful stood  
 Like brindl'd LION o'er his spoil.

The fiercer three, with active sword,  
 His gallant 'SQUIRE in conflict slew,  
 Then seiz'd the arms of SCANDIA's lord,  
 And o'er his starting courser threw.

Ill fated SUEN' ! thy soldiers boast  
 Now lies full low in DOURNO's bay ;  
 Thy schemes of lawless conquest crost,  
 Serve but to deck the Muses lay.



Long o'er the howling rocky shore  
Shall LOCHLIN mourn thy warriors brave ;  
Long NORWAY'S DAMES their loss deplore, .  
As sad they view the shipless wave.

The child unborn shall rue the day,  
Shall o'er the doleful story mourn ;  
His fire with SUENO plough'd the sea,  
In ships that never shall return.

## M

C A N T O III.

*His saltem accumulem doctis, et fungar inani  
Munere.* ÆN.

THE DANE with all his chieftains slain,  
The vulgar rout like driven deer,  
Rush to the shore, their ships to gain,  
But DOUGLAS follow'd on the rear.

His troops oppose them on the strand ;  
To crown the glory of the day,  
He towers to fire with flaming brand,  
The proud ships mooring in the bay.

Up their tall fides the victor hies,  
His troops fierce waving torches bear,  
Now tides of smoke involve the skies,  
Now pointed flames their horrors rear.

Despair and tumult rend the shore ;  
The fleet in fiery tempest tost,  
Founders with all the treasur'd store  
Of arms and spoil from ANGLIA'S coast.



So when in wrath JUST HEAV'N ordains  
 The crimes of mortals to confound,  
 In flaming ire the tempest reigns,  
 And horror shakes the black profound.

High on the wasteful whirlwind's wing,  
 Some mighty ANGEL rides serene,  
 His hands the vollied lightnings fling,  
 His spirit rules the dreadful scene.

Quell'd like a troop of tim'rous deer,  
 And shrunk before the scourge of fate,  
 The trembling bands now DOUGLAS hear,  
 Thus stern denounce their servile state.

" Down with your arms, ye slaves ! resign !

" Soldiers no more ; by rightful doom,

" The sword devouring should consign

" Your pale trunks to a wat'ry tomb.

" But mercy prompts our gracious lord,

" Go him on suppliant knees implore,

" His bondmen captive by the sword,

" You hail high SCANDIA's hills no more."

Them guarding with a trusty band,  
 Slowly he cours'd the bloody field,  
 His \* 'SQUIRE supports in ready hand  
 SUEÑO's huge sword, his helm and shield.

He pass'd the PALMERS on the plain,  
 Tending the wounded and the dead,  
 They cry'd, but few of note are slain,  
 Though numbers of the vulgar bleed.

He curb'd his steed, on rising mound †  
 A chieftain's tomb his notice drew,  
 New grac'd with pillar'd mass around,  
 New hung with wreaths of fun'ral hue.

\* COLVILLE of the DALE: The first of this family was a FRENCH knight, who came over with DOUGLAS, Duke of TURRAINE: that they were favourite vassals, appears both from the SCOTCH and ENGLISH history. Their lands are now swallowed up into the vast estate of DOUGLAS, but their loyalty has continued the same, never to be alienated.

Their most steady and most singular attachment to the cause and fortunes of YOUNG DOUGLAS for these many years past, is sufficiently known to all the world, and therefore need not be any further taken notice of.

The objection made to this note does not hold, as it cannot possibly have any reference to THE NOBLE PEERS OF THIS NAME, whose prowess in war in former and later times, has done honour to nobility.

That they have been eminent for power and opulence, as well as for courage and conduct, in old times, is manifest from the stately fabricks of their castles and Gothick seats in sundry places, as well as from history.

† The tomb of the DANISH king is still pointed out at a little distance from the castle of DUNROBIN. See BOWEN's geogr.



" In this low cell, the DANISH boast,  
" Stern SUENO's breathless corse is laid ;  
" Here fall'n with all his gallant host,  
" These rites shall sooth the soldier's shade."

Earl DOUGLAS heard ; the manly grief  
Cours'd silent down :---" And this the grave  
" Of royal SUEN' the fiercest chief  
" That e'er did DOUGLAS' falchion brave !

" Peace to the dead ! in this low cell,  
" Thy stain of lawless war shall rest,  
" Thy bloody rage, thy ravage fell,  
" Which oft dismay'd the firmest breast."

Star'd eve now 'lightn'd all the skies,  
With blazing lamps the tow'rs appear ;  
ELIZA feasts, in courtly guise,  
The KING, with many a valiant PEER:

O'er the bright walls, the VICTOR TRAIN  
Tell feats of arms, then boastful join  
At feast or song ; they rouse amain  
Their joys with flowing cups of wine.

Their bursting shout, their festive lyre,  
Glad DOUGLAS hears, and now he pass'd  
The founding bridge ; in war's attire,  
With speed into the hall he press'd.

" Health to my LIEGE and BARONS brave;  
 " To bright ELIZA peace secure ;  
 " Their navy burns ; like fetter'd slave  
 " The crest-fall'n DANES submit their pow'r."

He took his chair next to the KING,  
 At whose right hand ELIZA sat ;  
 And now the livry'd servants bring  
 In order rang'd the regal treat.

Store piles the board ; the gen'rous wine  
 In streaming goblets circles round,  
 As happiest they at feast combine,  
 The toils of war with glory crown'd.

The choral train fierce deeds rehearse,  
 To solemn harp and trebles high,  
 Of CHAMPIONS bold, renown'd in verse,  
 The martial strains ascend the sky.

For plac'd aloft with skilful lyre,  
 His silver'd age with laurel crown'd,  
 Fam'd OSCAR sung with prophets fire,  
 While mute attention listned round.



He fung the CHIEFS\* on COILA's shore,  
 How warlike GRÆME repell'd the DANE,  
 And bold DUMBAR ; while stain'd with gore,  
 The stream ran purple to the main.

He fung HAY † great in BERTHA's field  
 O'er heaps of DANES ; with sons so bold,  
 Themselves a HOST, their country's SHIELD ;  
 Like SAMSON o'er his foes of old.

\* The DANES landed in SCOTLAND about the middle of the eleventh century: attempting in vain to get footing in the southern counties, they sailed northward, ravaging the coast in their way.

They were at last entirely routed by GRÆME and DUMBAR, who commanded the forces from LETHIAN, and came up with them at COILEN, a river in the north of BANFF.

† This alludes to the famous victory at the village of LONCARTY, near to PERTH. The DANES had ravaged all the adjacent country, and had well nigh taken the place, when KENNETH fought them to relieve his strong garrison there.

One of the name of HAY coming up with his three sons, after the SCOTS army was broken, recovered the day, and entirely cut off the invaders: He was nobilitate at the first assembly of the SCOTS peers, and the descendants of the hero bear his arms to this day, three red shields portrayed on a shield of silver. This battle was fought, anno 985.

How furious NORSE, § his num'rous host  
 Pour'd from his ships: o'er CLYDE's fair strand,  
 They rush'd along with wasteful boast,  
 Like northern tempest o'er the land.

The LORD of ROTHSAÏ, dread in arms,  
 Like eagle from his rocky tow'r,  
 To combat rush'd with fierce alarms,  
 And faulchion dy'd in DANISH gore.

Slaughter attends where STEWART led  
 His bands like lions to the fray ;  
 Young NORWAY by his jav'lin bled,  
 His mournful navy plough the sea.

To crown the strain with BARONS bold,  
 He sung of WILLIAM's princely LINE,  
 The CHIEFS that grac'd his hall of old,  
 Whose PROWESS 'mid the first does shine.

§ In the 1263, ACHO King of NORWAY invaded SCOTLAND with a fleet of 160 ships and 20,000 soldiers; he was entirely defeated by ALEXANDER STEWART of ROTHSAÏ.

This baron was great grandfather to ROBERT the Second, and one of the illustrious ancestors of the noble and ancient family of BUTE.

The isle and fortrefs being thus recovered, give a title to the eldest sons of the BRITISH sovereign. ACHO died at ORKNEY through grief for the death of the Prince of NORWAY, killed in this invasion. See BUCH. history.



Of ALPIN, HE, with warlike pride,  
 Who fought renown in FINGAL's wars;  
 And valiant ERIC by his side,  
 A champion fierce with honour'd scars,

He \* WILLIAM fung who plough'd the main,  
 Vindictive in his country's right:  
 On SCANDIA's shore defy'd the DANE,  
 And slew his CHIEFS in mortal fight,

Then claim'd the meed of all his toil,  
 The treasur'd gold; with lordly frown,  
 As NORS denied, his captive spoil,  
 He drag'd the tyrant from his throne.

Then sounds the fame of FRESKYN † brave;  
 The deeds of ORKNEY's valiant CHIEF,  
 Whose navy plough'd the northern wave  
 For § EIRIN's king, a brave relief.

\* See the Orcades of TORPHOEUS.

† The Earl of ORKNEY, with the northern chieftains, sailed round with a fleet and army to the assistance of SYCTRIG, king of Ireland. The Earl of ORKNEY, and BRIAN, the monarch, against whom they had come, were both slain. This battle was fought about the 1230. See Orcades, &c.

§ Ancient name of IRELAND.

How BRIAN, ORKNEY'S EARL slain,  
By mutual wounds, the CHIEF return'd  
With spoil and wreaths from EIRIN's plain,  
And long his valiant KINSMAN mourn'd.

In vision rapt the prophet cries,  
His harp loud peals unusual sound,  
" See other CHIEFS and HEROES rise,  
" With PATRIOTS true and STATESMEN round.

" Aloft their laurel'd fronts they rear,  
" Circling their KING, a loyal band,  
" And now the trump of Fame I hear,  
" Refounding o'er fam'd ALBION's strand.

" The vision flies, a fable cloud  
" Hangs o'er great WILLIAM's early grave ;  
" Again new beams repel the shroud,  
" As CYNTHIA gilds the dusky wave.

" And who is SHE who sits in state  
" In WILLIAM's hall, a VIRGIN FAIR !  
" What princely PEERS around her wait,  
" To guard the RIGHTS of WILLIAM's HEIR !

" In her a new ELIZA trace,  
" Belov'd of all, by heav'n carefs'd,  
" From whom descends a noble RACE,  
" With growing FAME and POW'R increas'd.



- " I hear, I hear the sure decree,  
 " Proclaim'd by fate with solemn sound;  
 " The HAPPY ÆRA pleas'd I see  
 " Arise with golden radiance crown'd.
- " The STAR of DOUGLAS scatt'ring bright,  
 " The clouds which guilt and malice raise,  
 " Shall SCOTLAND cheer with new born-light,  
 " As glad the world Hyperion's rays.
- " Disclosing BEAUTY's trembling gleam,  
 " As VENUS gilds the western wave,  
 " FAIR GRÆME be led with sacred BEAM  
 " Of NUPTIAL TORCH to DOUGLAS brave.
- " The BRAVE alone deserves the FAIR,  
 " And THEY shall join in HYMEN'S BAND;  
 " From HEROES sprung the NOBLEST PAIR,  
 " To gild with HOPE their native LAND.
- " Then shall the BEAM of WILLIAM rise  
 " With GLORY NEW, his course to run,  
 " As HESPER gilds in western skies,  
 " His circlet from the setting sun."

He ceas'd ; on lofty pillar hung  
 The silver harp : while charm'd around,  
 The peers attend as when he sung,  
 Then shout assent with joyful sound.

And now the KING, who favour shew'd  
 Much to the FAIR and GUARDIAN grave,  
 Profer'd his boon by right bestow'd  
 On HER so loyal, wise and brave.

Silence impos'd, where high he sat  
 Begirt with PEERS and BARONS bold,  
 He thus began, with lordly state,  
 His sov'reign mandate to unfold :

“ 'Tis meet distinguish'd WORTH should share  
 “ Distinguish'd praise, to fan the fire  
 “ In this bad world, lest VIRTUE FAIR  
 “ O'erlook'd in NOBLE MINDS expire.

“ These RICH DOMAINS spread far and wide,  
 “ Skirted with hills and waving wood,  
 “ Circl'd by TAINE's fair swelling tide,  
 “ And grac'd with WALLS and TURRETS PROUD,



“ Be thine, fair MAID ! thy NOBLE RACE  
“ Shall BLAZON'd ARMS, and TITLES BRIGHT  
“ Bear with the FIRST, as face to face  
“ You won them from the DANE in fight.

“ And all to silence female fears,  
“ Myself your champion here I boast,  
“ To come with all my valiant PEERS  
“ When e'er thy peace or RIGHT is crost.

“ 'Gainst foreign sword, or guile at home,  
“ When pride and outrage play the DANE,  
“ I swear in thy defence to come,  
“ Your LIFE, your HONOURS, to regain.

“ To ratify my sov'reign deed,  
“ This REGAL SIGNET I bestow,  
“ Which when you send in time of need,  
“ This arm shall lay invaders low.”

Then on her pearly wrist he bound  
The golden verge ; the blushing DAME  
Smil'd silent thanks on knee profound,  
The CHIEFS their kindred joys proclaim.

And now with silver trumpets found,  
 The heralds peal her TITLES HIGH,  
 Loudly the walls and tow'rs rebound,  
 As if they did the world defy.

Thus THEY the happiest TRAIN that e'er  
 Conveen'd in hall, or forest wide,  
 Protract the feast with jocund cheer,  
 Till morn array'd the green hill side.

And now I take my leave, and pray  
 Thus lawless rapine be laid low ;  
 Still, like this HOST of BROTHERS, may  
 Our PEERS repel the common foe.

F I N I S.



O N T H E  
W I N T E R - S O L S T I C E .

A

D E S C R I P T I V E P O E M .

**H**ail Winter ! hail grim tyrant of the North !  
How loud thy tempests vex the troubled air,  
How vanquish'd Nature groans in deep despair,  
As roll'd in fable gloom, thy ruffian bands come forth !  
Fierce down the vale thy bellowing storm descends ;  
Amain big torrents burst ; with thunder's roar  
The howling winds fatigue the sea-beat shore ;  
While Night with triple shades and direful fate attends.  
Where now gay FLORA's op'ning bloom,  
And ZEPHYR breathing rich perfume ;  
Of SUMMER bright the jocund train,  
And purple CERES' golden wain ?  
All these attend the Lord of Day,  
Trav'ling his steep ethereal way ;

B

And when he measures back the skies,  
With Heaven's effulgence pierc'd, usurping Uproar flies.

Then deeper still your dark pavilion spread,  
Ye winter-glooms ! and from his airy hall  
Let BOREAS' trump his noisy squadrons call ;  
With whirlwind, hail, and frost, in his wild empire bred.  
Though freezing horrors reign on ZEMBLA's coast ;  
Though Nature pine beneath the driving snow,  
From sad PEZORA, to the blissful Po ;  
Proud storms ! ye shall not long your transient conquest  
boast.

Again the swift revolving year  
Hastes, to reverse her long career :  
Again returns with genial ray,  
From southern climes, the golden day :  
Who musing now, with raptur'd eye,  
Watches the tumult of the sky,  
More joyous, sweeps the trembling lyre ;  
For Fancy hails young Spring, and bids the storm retire.

But hark ! the winds have burst th' ÆOLIAN caves ;  
Their force ethereal sweeps the driving clouds :  
Loud howls the echoing hill ; the groaning woods  
Stoop their bare tops, remurm'ring as the tempest raves.



Then fast'ning fierce upon the boiling deep,  
 Drive mountain-billows, o'er the foaming shore  
 Of NORWAY, or BETUBIUM, till the roar  
 Bounds o'er th' infuriate waves, to CALPES' bellowing  
 steep.

What dreadful fears, what mournful fate  
 Must then on anxious mortals wait !  
 The lonely dame, with weeping eyes,  
 Bewails the stormy seas and skies ;  
 Her Lord is on his wat'ry way,  
 She hopes, but dreads the long delay ;  
 All day she views the angry deep ;  
 All night she mourns, beset with ghastly forms of sleep.

Mean while the tempests sweep their sounding flight,  
 O'er heav'n and earth ; and in the high-rock'd tow'r  
 The roaring winds affright the midnight hour ;  
 Or peal a summons dire, along the mountain height.  
 Ill fare the sailors 'midst the boiling waves ;  
 Aghast to heaven, on horrors brink they ride :  
 Then swift descending the devouring tide,  
 They plunge from earth and sky, to Ocean's dreadful  
 caves.

Emerg'd, a desp'rate course they steer,  
 Beset with death, and chill'd with fear :

Again through raging gulfs they fly,  
 With liquid mountains compass'd high :  
 Again they view, with fond surprise,  
 The wish'd for land, and cheering skies :  
 For HE who bids fierce Ocean roar,  
 Calms the conflicting brine, and smooths the billowy  
 shore.

Then wat'ry NOTUS from th' ATLANTIC main,  
 On toiling wings, a gath'ring deluge pours :  
 Complains the burthen'd air ; the streaming show'rs  
 Dash o'er the mountain height, and drench the smo-  
 king plain.

Swoln rivers rush in their tumultuous pride,  
 With thund'ring ruin and resistless force ;  
 O'er rocks and mounds, sweep their devouring course,  
 While Ocean stain'd recoils, from the triumphant tide.  
 O daring man ! why wilt thou haste,  
 When night invests the pathless waste ;  
 O why wilt thou begone to roam,  
 Nor ever reach thy pleasing home !  
 In vain thy smiling race prepare,  
 And loving wife, thy cheering fare :  
 In vain they hope thy glad return,  
 Dire fates prepare thy grave, and bid the widow mourn.



How winter changes, while his blust'ring host  
 With vary'd plagues deform the conquer'd year;  
 Arresting tempests in their mad career,  
 From polar hills descend the pow'rs of fixing frost.  
 Then icy chains th' indignant streams restrain,  
 And Ocean mourns his ever-toiling waves,  
 Transfix'd with frost, through all their northern  
                   caves;

Far as wild FINLAND's gulf, or the proud BALTIC  
                   main.

Then drives, with an incessant flow,  
 Through the dun air the flaky snow;  
 Hides the dire cliff, the faithless floods,  
 And buries half the sinking woods.  
 And oft descends the prowling train  
 Of howling wolves, to vex the plain:  
 On bloodshed bent, the barb'rous cry  
 Sounds horror through the vale, while ALPINE  
                   hills reply.

Where LAPLAND droops beneath her dreary night,  
 In whirling sleds urg'd on by fleet rain-deer,  
 To northern fairs, a daring course they steer;  
 While round the glaring pole the starry fires shine  
                   bright.

To pastime on the smooth expanse of frost,  
 Fam'd SCANDIA's lords with barb'rous pomp arrive ;  
 Swift round and round, in circling race, they drive  
 With their rebounding cars, in fierce contention tost.

Nor less bold RUSSIANS cease to go,  
 O'er hills and dales smooth'd up with snow ;  
 Where chain'd in frost, vast OBY raves  
 In vain, to free his struggling waves :  
 There annual marts strange merchants throng,  
 The TURK and TARTAR pour along,  
 Till, flying from the freezing wind,  
 In winter-caverns sleep the last of human kind.

Nor can the Muse, though bold her flight, deny,  
 While half our world complains of driving storm,  
 To sing what plagues the polar South deform ;  
 What horrors dire, unknown, may vex th' antartic  
 sky.

When northern climes returning summers hail,  
 There heavy darkness holds her dreary reign :  
 There, on the troubled deep and ravag'd plain,  
 Fell Whirlwind, Fire, and Snow, with Thunder's  
 voice prevail.

Ill fated he who tempts the shore,  
 That BRITAIN's daring navy tore ;



When caught on Winter's raging main,  
 Bold ANSON's art was all in vain :  
 Where dreadful storms defend the coast,  
 Of burning flame, and starving frost ;  
 Infernal plagues and horrors dire,  
 To guard forbidden climes, and damp Ambition's  
     fire.

Then glad returning o'er the wat'ry waste,  
 Where burning suns afflict the torrid zone,  
 The Muse attends the panting INDIAN's groan ;  
 Or marks what fierce extremes the weary realms  
     molest.

Now, while the polar regions starve in frost,  
 His fervid limbs, the swarthy ÆTHIOP laves  
 In NIGER ; and with all his swelling waves,  
 Loud ORELLANA toils, to cool his sun-burnt coast.  
 O lands unblest'd ! where fev'rish strife  
 Embroils the purple tide of life :  
 Where banish'd from the breezy North,  
 Devouring Pest'lence oft walks forth :  
 Where Freedom's joys are sought in vain,  
 While savage tyrants sternly reign ;  
 And never heard, their subjects cry,  
 As vex'd beneath the scourge, of their inclement sky.

Still on, the Muse her soaring flight explores,  
 Surpassing FEZ, and the BARBARIC strand ;  
 To where high bounding fam'd IBERIA's land,  
 PYRENEAN rocks detain foil'd Winter's weary stores.  
 Descending swell'd with half HELVETIA's snow,  
 Through noble realms rolls wide the rushing RHINE :  
 And branching round along the BELGIAN brine,  
 For many a league congeal'd, his urn forgets to flow.  
 Then jovial crouds the river hide,  
 Of young and old, that swiftly glide  
 On sounding skates, in wand'ring maze,  
 Mix'd and convolv'd a thousand ways.  
 The merchant skims the gelid plain,  
 In quest of tidings from the main ;  
 To market swifter than the wind,  
 Scours on the buxom maid, nor leaves one trace behind.

Hail ALBION ! hail ! whose chalky cliffs arise  
 With native charms, to claim thy poet's rhyme :  
 No polar rage deforms thy milder clime ;  
 No freezing horrors pierce, beneath thy clement skies.  
 While cruel seasons damp the noble train  
 Of social virtues, and the patriot's flame ;  
 Thee Heav'n hath warm'd to deeds of civil fame,  
 Fost'ring her precious gem, set in the silver main.



Gladly I hail thy peopled plains,  
 Where ever-smiling Freedom reigns :  
 Thy groves, that ever verdant wave,  
 Where THAMES his blissful shores does lave :  
 Thy hills, and promontories high,  
 That gently steal into the sky :  
 Thy native oak, hung o'er the steep,  
 To rear thy naval pride, the terrour of the deep.

Though pil'd his freezing horrors to the clouds,  
 Old Winter reign through utmost THULE's land,  
 Yet visiting fair ALBION's winding strand,  
 Each frowning aspect stern, the hoary Anarch shrouds.  
 His billowing storms and wild misrule confin'd  
 With chains of rock, along the howling main ;  
 Here loos'ning Influence mild, with golden rein  
 He curbs dread CAURUS' rage, and BOREAS' blust'ring  
 wind.

Bless'd isle ! where kindly seasons cheer,  
 With light and warmth, the falling year :  
 Where frost does life and virtue yield,  
 To store the air, and clothe the field :  
 Whose vig'rous clime, with strong embrace,  
 For battle moulds a hardy race ;

While, o'er thy subject waves, is hurl'd,  
Like Heav'n's, thy thund'ring storm, to shake a guilty  
world.

And yet, sometimes, the wand'ring Winter stoops  
To rest his flagging wings on BRITAIN'S isle :  
Then o'er the whit'ning vale and swelling hill,  
Winnows the feather'd snow, and burthen'd Nature  
droops.

Succeeds the short-liv'd frost, the transient gleam  
Of feeble Winter : o'er the marshy flood  
Ice-bound the village swarms ; while bawling  
loud

Through the long freezing night, complains the  
bick'ring stream.

All hush'd the warblers of the spring,  
With screaming voice, and flapping wing,  
The sea-fowl urge their soaring flight ;  
To pass in shades the cheerless night.  
In thickets warm the woodcocks hide,  
And all the lonely foreign tribe,  
That shelt'ring here with wild surprise,  
And sadly-wailing notes, see native storms arise.



Then tend, ye rural swains, with watchful eye,  
 Your flocks, and pile with bounteous hand the fold :  
 For as with whirlwinds wing the tempests hold  
 Their deathful course, deep whelm'd the panting  
                   bleaters die.

And O ye Great ! bless'd with the Godlike pow'r  
 Of blessing thousands, cast upon your care ;  
 O haste to cheer the gloom of sad Despair,  
 To close Affliction's wound, and gild her darkest  
                   hour.

Nor shun the poor's unblest'd retreat,  
 Where Death and Famine sternly wait :  
 The sighs of Worth neglected hear :  
 Wipe female Virtue's falling tear :  
 On shiv'ring age, and infant wo  
 Your deeds of charity bestow :  
 So when to Heav'n the friendless cry,  
 Like Heav'n your bounties flow, and all their wants  
                   supply.

With sinking steps, along the shining waste  
 Of new-fallen snow, the wand'ring fowlers stalk ;  
 Or through the shaggy hill, and forest-walk,  
 With fiery deaths pursue the ring-doves flying haste.

Oft as the gaudy pheasant mounts the skies,  
 With painted wings, he feels the fatal wound :  
 Oft as the corm'rant wheels with screaming sound,  
 He stains his plumes in blood, and welt'ring woful  
 dies.

Dire sport, with murder to invade  
 The gentlest tenants of the shade !  
 The blackbird, lark, and linnet throng,  
 Repay thee with their annual song,  
 Thee, ruthless man : what furies move  
 Thy soul, to rob the tuneful grove :  
 Inhuman thou ! with cruel snare  
 Destroying what fierce storms and savage tempests  
 spare.

Broad o'er the south the glaring lamp of day  
 Shines faint : and soon fast-closing shades of night  
 Darkling prevail ; till crown'd with silver light,  
 Through spangled skies, the moon smiles sweet with  
 orient ray.

Thus passes human life, a transient gleam ;  
 Bright with fond rising Hope, and Folly's pride ;  
 But soon eclips'd like winter-suns, the tide  
 Of glory vain is fled, like a deceitful dream.



Where now Ambition's restless fire,  
 That wont our youthful days inspire;  
 That thirst for gain, that lust for praise,  
 The springs that move man's bustling days?  
 Where now, ye croud of hopes, and fears,  
 All bright with joy, or sad with tears?  
 Faith sums the whole, with conscious eye,  
 Lost, as a scanty drop, in heav'n's immensity.

*Father* of heav'n and earth! who bid the light  
 Of radiant *Truth*, sprung from thy sov'reign *Mind*,  
 Rise on the dark abodes of human-kind,  
 To chase the shades of Hell, as morn dispels the night:  
 O teach me rais'd, the noblest use of life,  
 To follow where thy Wisdom points the way,  
 To public virtues; where, with piercing ray,  
 Thy *word* constrains the soul, and quells wild passions'  
 strife.

Teach me, superiour, to despise  
 Low Vice, though rob'd in Virtue's guise;  
 Of Sloth to burst th' ignoble chain,  
 And shun gay Pleasure's tempting train;  
 To feed the mind with Wisdom's store,  
 With conscious peace, and virtue pure:

So shall the glorious morn arise,  
And Life awak'ning hail the trumpet of the skies.

Now throng'd, AUGUSTA pours her noble train  
Of PATRIOTS, bent to raise with great design,  
Their country's good; from ALBION'S utmost line,  
To her vast empire thron'd beside th' ATLANTIC main.  
To hail their royal SIRE, in festive hour,  
They haste as princes on some solemn day,  
Around their mighty sov'reign homage pay;  
And prop the public cause, by their confed'rate pow'r.  
*Great soul!* that animates the realm;  
That guides in darkest nights the helm  
Of BRITAIN'S weal; 'tis thine to raise  
A kingdom's int'rest; thine the praise  
The joys of freedom to impart;  
The gifts of trade, and peaceful art:  
Till wide the voice of gladness sound,  
From fruitful THAMES, as far as CALEDONIA'S  
bound.

Through crouded streets the city pours along;  
While, ever restless all the live-long day,  
The busy Merchant plods his thoughtful way,  
Where MOMUS' gainful tribe with eager faces throng.



At eve, sweet Converse and the gen'rous bowl  
Join Friendship's train, and bid dull cares retire :  
While love of game and pleasure fans the fire,  
Which first allures, distracts, then sinks th' ignoble  
soul.

Then happy they, who raptur'd hear  
Such strains as charm the BRITISH ear :  
When moral SHAKESPEAR's moving tale  
Does o'er the willing soul prevail :  
Rous'd by the scene, dread terrours round  
Invade the throng ; with magic sound  
Fair Pity wakes the human sigh,  
And Virtue brighter shows, in ev'ry tearful eye.

Or where sweet Music winds her jovial strain,  
Up springs the sprightly dance, in wand'ring maze ;  
While beam'd from sparkling eyes, his torche,  
blaze,

Love waves his purple wing, and kills with pleasing  
pain.

Or will the Muse attend the lofty sounds,  
While waking warblings sweet, the tuneful Nine  
According lyres, and heav'nly voices join ;  
Till, like th' harmonious sphere, CECILIA's dome re-  
bounds.

But hark, for the melodious train  
 Awaken HANDEL's soaring strain :  
 Resounds the lyre, the sprightly note  
 Bursts from the rousing trumpets throat :  
 The vocal choir, and trebles high  
 Waft kindling Fancy to the sky :  
 For to th' immortal bard is giv'n,  
 To plunge the soul in woes, or mount in joys to  
 heav'n.

In crouding cities thus glad nights consume ;  
 While loud carousing in his antique hall,  
 The happy 'squire bids feast, and rural ball,  
 Full cups, and blazing fires, dispel the winter-  
 gloom.

Loud rings the genial roof, as blest'd they raise  
 The voice of conscious freedom ; never known  
 Where tyrants frown ; here ev'ry grace full  
 blown,  
 She reigns in native pride, and sounds fair ENGLAND's  
 praise.

Or where the village-matron plies  
 Her task, amaze with wild surprise,  
 The hasty closing circle hears  
 Of story'd ghosts, and midnight fears ;



Of plagues that come by witches spell ;  
 Of grisly shapes, with passing bell  
 At sick man's door ; a horrid tale  
 To awe the rustic tribe, while chilling fears pre-  
 vail.

Awaken'd by the solemn changeful year,  
 Now, heav'nly musing, the rapt soul inspires ;  
 And swifter than those ever-waking fires  
 That nightly shine, ascends the steep harmonious sphere.  
 There soaring *Fancy* wings her daring flight  
 Amid those golden cars, that ever trace  
 Around the Sun ; while glorying in his race,  
 On them the parent orb directs his radiance bright.  
 Rapt she adores the moving *Soul*  
 Who rules and guides the mighty Whole :  
 Who pours the wat'ry PLEIADES urn,  
 Or bids the bands of ORION burn :  
 Who steers fam'd ARGOS' radiant way,  
 Or flow BOOTES' northern ray ;  
 Or bids ARCTURUS' fires appear,  
 Eclips'd with rainy clouds, to cool the sultry year.

Then, pleas'd with her ambitious course, she flies  
 Through the fix'd stars ; sees round each blazing sun  
 Unnumber'd systems in their journey run,  
 To gild th' extended space of yet untravel'd skies.  
 Or tends the rapid comet in his flight ;  
 Returning dread from Heav'n's most distant pole,  
 He wheels the centre like a fiery goal ;  
 Then flies again to vex the realms of ancient Night.  
 Great *Nature* ! workmanship divine,  
 What human thought can trace thy line !  
 Fair Idea of th' eternal Mind,  
 How glorious He who first design'd  
 Thy glorious frame ! sole great and good,  
 When shall his ways be understood !  
 His works since hid through Nature's bound,  
 How shall Heav'n's Architect, himself unsearchable,  
 be found ?

Now, while without the loursing tempests show'r  
 Fierce rattling hail, or soft descending snow,  
 While wailing owls rehearse their songs of wo,  
 'Tis thine, Philosophy, to grace the happy midnight  
 hour,



Gladly with thee, my heav'nly guide, I soar  
 On ventrous wing, beyond the solar ray ;  
 And following safe thy more celestial day,  
 My course through secret depths of heav'n and earth  
 explore.

To mark how the ALMIGHTY reins  
 His pond'rous orbs, in golden chains ;  
 And the attracted planets run,  
 In mystic dance, around the sun ;  
 That whirling on his fiery pole,  
 Resists the hurrying spheres control ;  
 And rules wide from his central throne,  
 Beyond the glare of *Mars*, or *Saturn's* radiant zone.

Or greatly daring with bold NEWTON's line,  
 As seraphs reed, or angels circling wing,  
 Shall we attempt the realms of Heav'n's high  
 King,  
 Adjusting time and space, their regions to confine.  
 Or humbly pleas'd, beneath our native sky,  
 Shall we pursue the swift revolving year ;  
 With varying seasons in their gay career,  
 To warm the conscious heart, or charm the raptur'd  
 eye.

With ignorance let the driving storm  
 Seem raging uproar, to deform  
 The heav'ns and earth ; thy nobler soul  
 Unlocks the beauty of the whole ;  
 Sees tempests sweep the burthen'd air,  
 And frosts the fruitful glebe prepare :  
 And Winter's awful horrors rise,  
 To shed on cherish'd earth, the influence of the  
       skies.

With classic grace, let the historic page  
 Unfold her annals ; as the studious mind  
 Explores the rudiments of human-kind :  
 Their states, and rising arts, or patriots' noble rage.  
 Then converse with the mighty dead, who rais'd  
 So high the GRECIAN, and the ROMAN name ;  
 Who greatly struggling nurs'd the virt'ous flame,  
 Which bless'd the grateful state, and through the na-  
       tions blaz'd.

Or raptur'd in the Muses shades,  
 I hear the nine harmonious maids,  
 Awake bold HOMER's sounding lyre ;  
 Or courtly MARO's temper'd fire ;  
 Or, ALBION, what thy bards rehearse  
 In buskin'd state, or daring verse :



The magic strains, with wondrous pow'r,  
Attune the soul, and charm the list'ning midnight  
hour.

Hail CHAUCER ! rev'rend Secr, with comic song,  
And antique lyre, to charm in simpler days.  
Hail SPENCER ! skill'd to train, 'midst flow'ry ways  
Of fairy ground, our youth, led by enchantment  
strong.

Sweet SHAKESPEAR ! child of Fancy ! whom thy  
Nine  
Inspire, and gave to drink the sacred spring ;  
With lofty MILTON hail ! whose angel-wing,  
And Muse of Fire, nor Earth, nor Hell, nor Heav'n  
itself confine.

DRYDEN ! who paints in living page  
TIMOTHEUS' art, and TURNUS' rage :  
And POPE ! who leads the tuneful throng ;  
Great judge, and master of the song,  
With plaintive YOUNG and THOMSON, hail !  
Instructive bard ! whose silvan tale,  
With Doric charm, and fancy bright,  
Inspires my trembling wings, to trace thy nobler  
flight.

Thrice happy, who thus wisely cheer the gloom  
 Of pining nature, while delighted high,  
 They court the Muses' shrine, and pleas'd descry  
 Fair Truth, all heav'nly bright, their darkness to il-  
 lume.

Let others madly brave the raging flood ;  
 Or climb high stories of the tow'r of state ;  
 Or wildly bursting from a vulgar fate,  
 Invade their country's right, and plunge in civil  
 blood :

Superiour to blind Folly's strife,  
 'Tis thine to polish human life ;  
 To guide through the enchanting maze  
 Of artful pleasures ; thine the praise,  
 Celestial quires ! to calm the rage  
 Of youth, and warm declining age :  
 While rous'd by *your* Promethean fire,  
 Disdaining earth, *your* sons to native Heav'n aspire.

Ye tuneful *Nine* ! who leave the sacred hill,  
 And haunt in ALBION vales your blissful seat :  
 Lead me, ye Muses ! where, in fam'd retreat,  
 You nurse the patriot flame, and with your transport  
 fill.



Or where, by winding Isis' list'ning shore,  
 Fair ENGLAND hears the silver-sounding lyres  
 Warble enchanting maze ; or pleas'd retires,  
 Where CAM, in rural shades, unlocks his learned  
 store.

Or where bold CALEDONIA hears,  
 With ardent soul, and ravish'd ears,  
 Your varied song ; while smoothy glide,  
 O native FORTH ! thy swelling tides.  
 Or where the gulfy EDEN pours,  
 Let me employ the studious hours :  
 Or where swift DEE pursues his way,  
 And wealthy CLYDE attends bright Science' soaring  
 lay.

O hide me in your shades ! enraptur'd high,  
 The secret depths of Nature's bound to trace ;  
 How whirl'd with rapid speed, and endless race,  
 In their melodious sphere, the golden planets fly.  
 What rolls loud thunder down th' ethereal steep ;  
 Or wraps in ling'ring shades, the winter-night :  
 Or what detains gay SUMMER's radiant light,  
 As loath to cool his steeds in THETIS' western deep.

Or with instructed step, ye Muses, guide,  
 Safe through the maze of Life's dark winding vale ;  
 For Vice and Folly, heard thy moral tale,  
 Fly as dull shades, when Morn displays his purple  
 pride.

Improve, O man ! this winter of thy days,  
 To Virtue sacred ; soon the transient gleam  
 Of life shall vanish like a troubled dream,  
 And Heav'n's eternal Spring dawn with unclouded  
 rays.

F I N I S.



T H E  
D E D I C A T I O N.

T O T H E  
M O S T I N G E N I O U S A N D L E A R N E D  
M R. G R A Y,

N O W R E P U B L I S H I N G h i s B E A U T I F U L L Y R I C P O E M S.

O THOU high seated on the muses hill!  
Possessing PHOEBUS' lyre and PHOEBUS' skill;  
Whether from the lofty steep you boldly sing,  
Or pluck fresh roses by the sacred spring,  
Or quaff the stream, while FANCY to THINE EYES,  
Bids NATURE's charms in heav'nly vision rise;  
To grace thy SONG, to steal the ravish'd heart,  
To wake the VIRTUES, and their JOYS impart:

Accept,

[     ]

Accept, O GRAY! the humble wreath I bring,  
Tune my soft reed and teach me how to sing.  
Teach me like THEE to gain the willing soul  
By MORAL TRUTH, and MUSIC's soft controul:  
Above the great, above the world to rise,  
PROMETHEUS like, and borrow off the skies.  
Teach me the Shafts of malice to deride ;  
The tooth of envy, and the frown of pride ;  
Secure from ills that vex the rich and great,  
To sail life's ocean in a lowly state.  
Not selfish, as amidst its storm I steer,  
To hide mine eyes from mis'ry's falling tear ;  
But blest'd to cheer the gloom of sad despair,  
To hear the orphan's and the widow's pray'r ;  
To sooth their pangs, unfold RELIGION's plan,  
Weep o'er their woes, and know my self a man.

EDINBURGH,  
1768.

ROBERT COLVILL.



T H E  
F I E L D   O F   F L O W D O N ,  
A  
D E S C R I P T I V E   P O E M .

*They have fallen like the oak of the desert, when it lies  
across a stream, and withers in the wind of the mountains.*

*Such were the words of the Bards in the days of the song,  
when the King heard the music of harps, and the tales of other  
times.*

OSSIAN.

**W**HEN hostile FLOWDON's fatal field  
Was drench'd in blood, of gallant heroes slain,  
And

And princely chiefs who hapless press'd the plain,  
No more the dread of foes in fight, no more their  
countries shield;

Beset with ghastly spectres round,  
A horrid shade with Gorgon terrors crown'd  
The grizly monarch hover'd o'er,  
And flapp'd his weary pinions dropping gore,  
Like a fell vulture gorg'd among the dead.  
The fiend of discord rear'd her snaky head,  
Her demons howl, her vengeful torches wave,  
She stalks where dead men groan, she haunts red TIL-  
LUS wat'ry grave.

They by the cruel doom of fight  
The flow'r of CALEDON, the great, the good,  
Their snowy limbs lac'd with their golden blood,  
Groan furth their souls: vain was their warlike might,  
In



In vain in glitt'ring terrors drest ;  
 In vain sat vict'ry on their plummy crest\* ;  
 In vain the mighty funk o'erpowr'd  
 Beneath the brandish'd lightning of their sword ;  
 Heav'n seals their doom : Leave, leave ye fair !  
 Your gaudy looms, and other weeds prepare :  
 Prepare your fable weeds, in honour of the brave ;  
 And weave your true love's winding-sheet for his un-  
 timely grave.

And you ye courtly train ! who wait  
 With loud tongu'd harps, to hail your Lord's return ;

B

Ah !

\* All historians allow, that, in the beginning of this fatal conflict, the King of Scots carried all before him, and, with the forces from the north, intirely routed that part of the English army, where the Earl of Surry had placed his son Sir Edward Howard, one, who, in respect of valour, and personal courage, was inferior to none.

Ah! with what sounds of dolor must ye mourn,  
 How sadly change the chords of joy, to wail his hapless  
 fate!

No more victorious from the foughten plain,  
 He loads you with the treasures of the slain ;  
 No more enthron'd amid his warlike peers  
 Enjoys the martial song of former years ;  
 The strength of war, the people's shield  
 Lies stretch'd in FLOWDON's fatal field :  
 Like MARS he led the host with rising morn\*,  
 At eve a fall'n star, of all his radiant glories shorn.

Thus

\* JAMES performed wonders, as the historian observes. He dismounted from his horse, and commanding all his nobles and gentlemen, who fought next his person, to do the like, he spread fear and death wherever he turned his force : but in the end, this brave battalion was overpowered by numbers. The noblest and bravest of the army then formed themselves into a ring, and refusing quarter, fought to the last, choosing rather to fall with that Prince by an honourable death, than to save their lives by an ignominious flight.



Thus lowly for their country laid,  
 And gash'd with many a streaming wound,  
 The valiant sunk their Prince around,  
 And stretch'd their gory limbs in honour's bed.  
 Hush'd was the horrid din of arms,  
 The neighing stee'd the victor's proud alarms;  
 Deep silence reign'd, save o'er the purpl'd heath  
 Ascend with awful pause, the heavy groans of death:  
 Save that with dolorous horns afar,  
 SURRY drew off his broken ranks of war;  
 He mourn'd his bowmen fall'n in fight,  
 And veil'd his trembling fears, in the dun shades of  
 night.

But when the MERCIAN files with dauntless look,  
 With martial trumps and clanging arms,  
 Such as might rouse the dead to war's alarms,  
 Their

Their SCOTTISH spears yet firmly shook ;  
 Shook all the hills and valleys steep,  
 And startl'd the quick ear of coward sleep,  
 The dying heroes blest'd the warlike sound.  
 Thrice DOUGLAS, where he press'd the bloody ground\*  
 Amidst his foes, his dreadful crest display'd,  
 And thrice he wav'd his flaming blade,  
 " O Heav'n ! might DOUGLAS rise to see  
 The pride of ENGLAND laid in dust, his king and  
 country free."

ARGYLE and LENNOX where they lay †,  
 With ST. CLAIR, MAXWELL, GORDON bold,  
 Whose

\* John Douglas Earl of Morton, with George Master of Angus, and many brave men of their vassals, were among the slain.

† Archibald Campbell Earl of Argyle, Malcolm Stuart Earl of Lennox, William Sinclair Earl of Caithness, John Lord Maxwell, and his three brothers, Alexander Gordon Marquis of Huntly, were among many who made that day lamentable to their country by their death.



Whose spear the English bows control'd,  
 Like bloody lions panting o'er their prey,  
 Attend with joy their shouting phalanx boast.  
 And thou fall'n captain of a mighty host !  
 Heroic JAMES ! thy gen'rous swelling soul  
 Deep groaning o'er thy people's bitter dole,  
 Their strength, their glory fall'n by doom of war,  
 Hover'd a while and sooth'd thy sad despair ;  
 He heard his trumpet blow, he saw his banners fly,  
 And, smiling in the pangs of death, sprung to the star-  
 ry sky.



O horrid FLOWDON ! stain'd with kindred gore,  
 The tomb of parricide, thy children's grave ;

C

Not

Not Ocean's brine thy guilt shall lave ;  
 Nor TILLUS thine ! still seek TWEED's wat'ry shore, \*  
 Thy guilty head still strive to hide,  
 And plunge thee in a purer tide ;  
 In vain ! the story of thy crimes  
 Shall chill the bold to future times :  
 The sheeted ghost shall haunt thy stream,  
 Night ravens wail with doleful scream,  
 And birds of prey : this treach'rous flood  
 Beheld thy sons, O SCOTLAND ! slain, and drunk her  
 children's blood.

Tho' for the brave spread on th' infanguin'd plain,  
 Beating their tender breasts fond mothers wail ;

Tho'

\* The river Till which rises out of Cheviot hills, runs by Wooler, and falls, after a winding course, into the Tweed. This the English passed at Melford, and hard by on a declivity, since famous by the name Flowdon, was this battle fought.



Tho' frantic widows rend with shrieks the vale,  
 And bathe each mangl'd corse with briny tears in vain.  
 Tho' a whole land in sackcloth mourn'd,  
 And foes their rage to pity turn'd,  
 Still shall the muse deplore their doom;  
 Still mark with her rude verse the hero's tomb.  
 The sick'ning sun withdrew his clouded light,  
 The fiends relenting groan'd to the sad night;  
 The night her pearly dew's soft sorrows shed,  
 And dunest shades, her mantle kind, flung o'er the  
                     silent dead.

Calm peace and gentlest slumbers wait  
 Where low the clay-cold hero lies:  
 Tho' here no pomp of fun'ral obsequies,  
 No martial trophies led, no steeds of state,

Yet

Yet HONOUR true shall crown the brave,  
 And FREEDOM haunt the hallow'd grave ;  
 Their deeds high in historic page  
 Shall rise their monument to every age :  
 Their SWORD could turn the battle's tide,  
 Their COUNTRY'S LOVE all death defy'd ;  
 Their SOUL of GLORY then most loyal found  
 When with their Lord his Chieftains fell, transfix'd  
 with many an wound.

Tho' envy fierce with basilisk eye\*  
 And noisy clamour hell's foul harpies tear

The

\* The invectives of modern scurrility and national abuse, cannot fail to rouse in every honest mind a just indignation. What venom of this kind has been of late vented to the shame of human nature ! vented most undeservedly against a generous, free, and warlike people ! The authors and abettors of such impotent malignity are equally contemptible, and the mischief



The wreath of praise, these fangs are blunted here ;  
 Your eagle-pinion'd fame to heav'n doth fly,  
 Your fame thro' the wide world is heard ;  
 This race victorious CESAR fear'd, \*

D

Their

mischief they design'd, like the wicked counsel of Achitophel, recoils upon themselves. The glory of an intrepid, virtuous, loyal, and great nation will be acknowledged by future ages with admiration, while the very memorial of the man who reviles his country, defies his sovereign, and blasphemes his God, shall perish, lest even the recollection of such monstrous wickedness, should contaminate the principles of posterity.

\* Historians agree that the Roman legions never could reduce the Caledonians or North Britons, but contented themselves with building the famous rampart known by the name of *Graham's Dyke*, to restrain the inroads of the brave race, who, notwithstanding, carried fire and sword into the Roman Province, wearied out the patient valour of the legionaries, and obliged the emperors at last to relinquish all their conquests, and give up their claim to Britain.

Their sword made DANISH ACHO yield, \*  
 And EDWARD humbled in a bloody field ; †  
 And captive PIERCY with his English bow, ‡  
 Extoll'd the arm, which laid his blushing honours low  
 The chance of war is heav'ns dread doom,  
 The hand of fate, now SCOTLAND, brings thy heroes  
 to the tomb.

O

\* King of Norway, now part of Denmark. He arrived nigh the island of Bute with 160 fail, 20,000 soldiers, was intirely routed especially by Alexander Stuart the great grandfather of James I.

† The famous defeat at Bannockburn, when Edward II. engaging with a handful of brave veterans under Robert the Bruce, lost his whole army, and relinquished his conquests.

‡ William Douglas son to Lord Archibald, laid waste England to the gates of York ; gained the famous battle of Otterburn against Lord Henry Piercy. The young hero Douglas lost his life ; and Piercy, with his brother, and many others, were carried prisoners to Scotland.



O flow'r of valour! fall'n in war  
 Whose prowess now shall save a sinking land,  
 Or who fell fire and sword withstand?  
 I see the horrid fiends come on afar,  
 Amazement leads, as o'er the plain  
 Rude desolation pours amain:  
 Oppression rears her scourge of snakes,  
 Her iron chain grim bondage shakes,  
 Famine with faded form is there,  
 And pallid grief, and fullen care,  
 And direful pestilence with death combin'd  
 Sweeping with wasteful scythe, the remnant of man-  
 kind.

But lo! from sacred mansions of the sky,  
 Bright smiling peace with winged doves, descends:

Her

Her magic olive see the pow'r extends,  
 And back to hell's abode BELLONA's furies fly.  
 The land renews her wonted pride,  
 Her past'ral reed on green hill side  
 Resounds ; the purple light of morn  
 Smiles o'er the vales of waving corn ;  
 Peace sooths with healing hand a nation's stound,  
 And pours her lenitive in ev'ry wound,  
 Unlocks the current of BRITANNIA's fame,  
 Her growing strength, her rising arts, her patriots  
 kindling flame.

Like CONCORD thron'd, see sov'reign ANNE\* restrain  
 Two jealous realms, she calms their ancient hate,

She

\* The uniting of two great nations, whose fierce contentions had often  
 proved fatal to themselves, and spread terror and ruin among their neigh-  
 bouring



She binds them strong in one compacted state,  
 Bids FREEDOM's banner wave, extends firm UNION's  
 golden chain.

No more two sister-nations wage  
 Detested war, with barb'rous civil rage :  
 The sword of parricide is stain'd no more,  
 And their descending faulchions blush with only fo-  
 reign gore.

E

Wave

bouring kingdoms. The forming these by the solemn consent of the states, into one firm, free, and happy constitution, is one of the most memorable events which we meet with in the British annals. Every man's particular advantage under the happy union of the two nations, obliges him to acknowledge so fortunate an event, and he must be very insensible who can look back upon these great patriots who brought about so excellent a state of union and government, and not feel his breast warm with gratitude ; and worse than insensible, who can go about with malevolent designs to interrupt this harmony of government, and divide a nation against itself.

Wave fierce her ensigns ! wave in BLENHEIM's field,  
 Till great BAVAR and vanquish'd GALLIA yield.  
 Till fame resound, and lasting laurels grow  
 To wreath BRITANNIA's crown, to shade her MALBRO's  
 warlike brow.

With joy the muse shall mark the golden year \*,  
 When GEORGE thy sceptre sway'd with ample reign

From

\* Under the present auspicious reign, the success attending the British arms has been as great and extensive, as was ever known in any period whatever.

This successful monarch has carried his victorious arms through every quarter of the world ; places of strength the most remote, and deemed impregnable, have been reduced ; the interests of Britain, and the glory of her arms have been supported through the Mogul's empire by an officer of character from North Britain, with lasting honour to his brave battalions, and with glory and advantage to his king and country. A great general



From eastern BENGAL, to th' ATLANTIC plain,  
 And mighty tyrants sunk beneath the light'ning of  
 thy spear.

I hear thy naval thunders roar,  
 See GALLIA tremble to her utmost shore,  
 See FERDINAND! thy triumphant banners fly  
 In MINDEN's fatal field; beneath another sky  
 I see thy tow'rs imperial QUEBEC bow!  
 MANILLA's walls, HAVANNAH's strength laid low,  
 While SCOTLAND great in ev'ry field  
 Thy bloody faulchion thins the war, resounds thy  
 dreadful shield.

With

general, seconded by an experienced and successful admiral, have accomplished the conquest of the French empire in North America. The many laurels reaped in Germany by a great personage, whose courage, ability, and good fortune, will astonish after-ages, intirely humbled the pride of the enemies of Great Britain; and the great part which the Scots nation bore in all these conquests, has justly procured them the thanks of the country, and of the sovereign.

With mother's pride behold another train  
 In whom renew'd thine ancient glories burn,  
 Rise like the PHOENIX from his parent's urn :  
 Like MARS another DOUGLAS shakes the plain.  
 CAMPBELL, CATHCART, and MURRAY bear afar,  
 Thy banners through the prostrate ranks of war.  
 LOTHIAN, MONTGOMERY see, the gallant GRAHAM,  
 And mighty STEWARTS build thy growing fame :  
 Another patriot, SCOT, his country's prop,  
 Great GORDON, HAMILTON, LYON, gen'rous HOPE,  
 HAY, IRVINE, PRIMROSE, MARCHMONT toil to raise  
 Fan'd CALEDON thy tow'ring head, now blest with  
 golden days.

Enough, enough has ALBION mourn'd  
 By foreign fields and barb'rous civil rage ;

Now



Now born to bring the great AUGUSTAN age,  
 GEORGE shuts war's adamantine gates, on golden  
 hinges turn'd\*.

He calls his princely STATES around,  
 His SENATE bold, yet faithful found,  
 To hear a kingdom's good display'd,  
 And prop the public cause by their confed'rate aid.  
 They come, they come, a PATRIOT BAND,  
 The envy and the dread of every land:

F

Thus

\* Our present sovereign brought the war, by his signal and repeated victories to a glorious conclusion. He gave laws to the two mighty monarchies of France and Spain; he gave peace like the father of his people to his kingdoms, and to the whole world. Ever ready to promote the good of his subjects, to defend their rights, to advance commerce, and the liberal arts, to temper judgment with mercy, it can be no flattery to compare him to that great emperor Titus Vespasian, whose beneficence and shining virtues intitled him to the appellation of *deliciae humani generis*, the delight of mankind.

Thus great in ROME her godlike senate shone,  
When HE the world's delight thus spoke from his imperial throne.

“ Great friends and senators of ROME !  
“ On whom their oracle the listening world does wait,  
“ And scepter'd monarchs to enquire their fate,  
“ Attend like gracious Heav'n and seal their doom !  
“ By virtue's arts refine mankind,  
“ And train to what is great and good the fierce barbarians mind.  
“ Oppression curb, her lifted rod restrain,  
“ Nor hear the Gods blasphem'd, and justice plead in vain :  
“ But chiefly toil to build ROME's mighty fame  
“ On public virtues ; quench the guilty flame

“ OF



“ Of selfish faction, luxury, and strife,  
 “ That poison of our empire’s weal, which taints her  
 “ springs of life.”

“ What rear’d th’ unfading worth of ancient times,  
 “ Not sordid gold, nor robes of TYRIAN dye,  
 “ Not revels loose of wasteful luxury,  
 “ But temp’rance, like a virgin pure, unstain’d with  
 “ modern crimes.

“ Thus CURIUS \* bore your fame afar,  
 “ And SCIPIO † hail’d the thunder-bolt of war ;

“ Your

\* A noble Roman, whose frugality and honesty was equal to his most undaunted courage : Having conquered Pyrrhus, he divided the lands of Rome, to every man four acres, saying, “ None should be a captain, who  
 “ could not live hardy like a soldier.” When offered a bribe by the enemies of his country, he rejected it with disdain, saying, “ He would rather be ruler over the rich, than rich himself.”

† A Roman senator, who, having long struggled to reduce the power of Carthage,

“ Your conqu’ring eagles thus brave CATO \* led,  
 “ And great EMILIUS † rear’d his laurel’d head :  
 “ A sober firm united soul,  
 “ In these could all the subject world controule :  
 “ Their wealth was glory, their contention great,  
 “ To build with one consenting mind high ROME’s  
 “ imperial state.”

GENIUS

Carthage, failed over to Africa, sack’d Carthage, and advanced the glory of the republic to its greatest splendor.

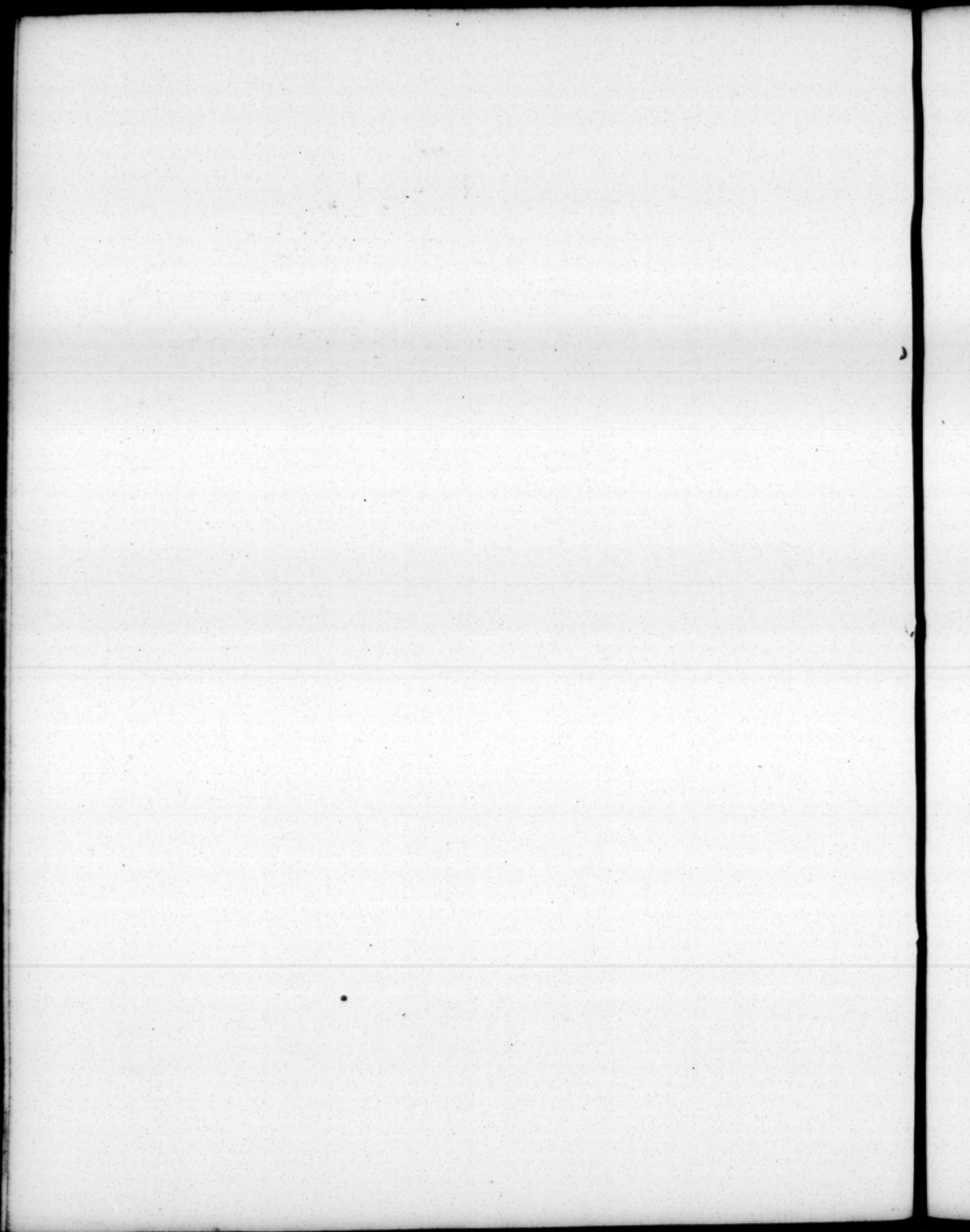
\* The elder Cato, a noted foldier, and moralift. He subdued great part of Spain. His grandson Cato Uticensis is famous for his opposition to Caesar, when he invaded the liberties of Rome.

† Paulus Emilius. The disinterestedness of this Roman was remarkable. Having conquered Macedon, he brought all the spoil of that ancient and opulent kingdom into the public treasury, reserving nothing to himself, but the glory he so justly acquired by his uncommon love to his country, and his attention to support her interest.



GENIUS of ALBION ! poising with justest reign  
 The scale of empire, while the nations come  
 From eastern GANGES, to enquire their doom,  
 And scepter'd Kings from INDIA's western plain ;  
 While millions thro' the peopl'd land,  
 Look to be blest'd, inspire the ardent band  
 Of chosen PATRIOTS ; rouse the extinguish'd flame  
 Of ancient worth, which the rude world did tame ;  
 Blaze in the SENATE till renew'd by thee  
 The PUBLIC VIRTUES rise in glorious harmony ;  
 Till vice and faction from their throne be hurl'd,  
 And BRITAIN'S EMPIRE rise the dread and envy of  
 the world.

F I N I S.





# The ALBION PRINCESS.

## A PINDARIC Ode.

### I. I.

'T WAS at the solemn festival, where Fame  
With best remede allays sad Virtue's stound,  
On column high inshrines her sacred name,  
With sculptur'd praise and blooming garlands crown'd ;  
Aloft, supreme, in godlike state,  
On her imperial throne, Britannia sat ;  
And, with a Parent's conscious pride,  
Surveyed her dauntless race, whose valour try'd,  
Could frowning Death defy ;  
Could brave grim Tyrant's stormful eye,  
Or madd'ning Faction's frantic mood,  
With Furies' torch, and axes dy'd in blood.  
And now their starry fronts sublime,  
They lift amid their bold compeers,  
Whilst on her eagle wings responsive Echo bears  
Their proud renown thro' ev'ry distant clime.

Say,

## I. 2.

Say, Goddesses dread ! whose conqu'ring arm  
 Does wield old Ocean's thund'ring spear,  
 On whose fell Ægis wait Alarm,  
 Despair, and Death, and flying Fear ;  
 Say thou, what theme, what high immortal verse,  
 The raptur'd Nine shall to the Lyre rehearse.  
 The Goddesses thus : " Your loftiest notes employ ;  
 " The Ocean's DAUGHTER claims the sacred song ;  
 " And Britain marks with pride and joy,  
 " Her champion Knight amid the laurel'd throng."  
 Th' harmonious Sisters plac'd on high,  
 Crown'd with unfading chaplets meet,  
 With flying fingers wake each bolder string ;  
 And whilst the heav'nly minstrels sing,  
 Fame lifts her clarion to the vaulted sky,  
 And what th' æthereal herald Dame  
 Peals to the pole with loud acclaim,  
 Well pleas'd the list'ning spheres repeat.

## I. 3.

They Virtue sung with radiance mild,  
 Of each celestial grace,  
 Height'ning the charm of Female Pride,  
 Where, young-eyed Beauty by her side,  
 And blushing Worth, and virgin Spring,  
 Shedding sweet flow'rets from her purple wing,



The Albion PRINCESS gayly finil'd,  
 Nor fancy'd that her charms beguil'd,  
 In roving youth's bewilder'd chace,  
 The sovereign of the Cimbrian race.  
 Ah hapless FAIR ! the storm of Fate  
 Lours on thy morning-beam ;  
 Thine evil Genius sends in hate,  
 To tempt thy youth across the Ocean's stream.  
 Thy chaste reserve, thy coy reluctance vain ;  
 The Fatal Sisters wreath thy crown, entwin'd with grief and pain.

## II. I.

And Nors, with youthful passion fir'd,  
 To gain the peerless MAID aspir'd :  
 At Hymen's shrine he bow'd, and swore  
 The nuptial vow, and proudly bears afar,  
 Like princely merchant from Cathaian shore,  
 His diamond spoil. Set in his Cimbrian throne,  
 The Albion gem so sparkling shone,  
 'Mid Gothic gloom superior seen :  
 And as bright Phosphor's orient beam  
 Begilds the foaming Scandian wave,  
 Day's harbinger, with trembling gleam,  
 So, Albion, shone thy Northern Star,  
 With native charm, and pow'r to please ;

To still hoarse Tempest in his rocky cave,  
 To smoothe the blust'ring Baltic seas,  
 Imperial DAUGHTER of the Ocean's Queen.

## II. 2.

Ah ! Destiny, revoke thy doom ;  
 Ye busy Fates, reverse the loom  
 Mysterious here below :  
 How must the conscious bosom bleed,  
 When Guilt, oppressive, sinks the head  
 Of sov'reign Worth, laid low.  
 Torn from the register of Time,  
 Oblivion ! hide th' abhorred crime ——  
 But, ah ! the hope is vain !  
 Nor youth, nor innocence restrain,  
 Nor solemn league, nor dignity,  
 With scepter'd rule ; the merciless fiends assail,  
 And hurl the pleading victim from on high.  
 Much injur'd DAME ! for thee, in Albion's dale,  
 The Muse shall mourn, culling each fragrant flow'r  
 To strew thy path : but what avail  
 Her sacred tears to charm thy bitter flour !

## II. 3.

Hark ! wildly howling for their prey,  
 A horrid rout with summons drear  
 The palace storm ; and flying Fear

Arrested



Arrested marks their hideous wrath,  
 Their eyes of fire, and jaws of death.  
 See where the wolves of hell draw nigh !  
 Mad Jealousy conducts the fray,  
 And Envy fierce with basilisk eye,  
 And Clamour with Cerberean tongue,  
 And baleful Harpies hated throng ;  
 These fiends the Cimbrian Hydra bate,  
 Rousing the Ocean Dragon swollen with pride,  
 To haunt the DAME with fangs of parricide,  
 And pois'nous floods of unrelenting hate.

### III. I.

Unequal strife ; resistance vain !  
 What shall the dogs of hell control,  
 What charm their barb'rous rage enchain  
 What can fell envy's pow'r withstand,  
 That dar'd assail the starry pole,  
 Blasting malignant the angelic band.  
 Her summer friends, false traitors, fled,  
 And captive Nors in fetters led ;  
 The savage rout with vengeful fangs deface  
 The sacred shrine of her unfulfilled fame ;  
 Tread in the dust each princely grace,  
 Her scepter'd right, and regal diadem.

In insolence of rebel pow'r  
 Justice deride, and Heaven defy,  
 While the high-arching dome and trembling shore,  
 Resound with howling Murder's horrid cry.

## III. 2.

Hark ! Ransa comes ; the rebel band,  
 With shouts of violence, demand  
 Their SOV'REIGN's sacred blood.  
 See ! in the front, with haggard eyes,  
 Wild with usurped state,  
 Fierce Julian bursts the regal dome ;  
 Her Furies' torch tofs'd to the skies  
 Appals with dire annoy,  
 Rousing the treasons of the night,  
 Like Sinon, curs'd with stedfast hate,  
 Amid the massacre of Troy :  
 Hell in her train, and Murder's brood,  
 She hies with brand of parricide, to light  
 Pale slaughter'd Virtue to the tomb.

## III. 3.

Lo ! there, by ruffian traitors bound,  
 The beauteous victim lies,  
 With festive wreaths and garlands crown'd,  
 Proud Julian's sacrifice.  
 No pitying eye devotes a tear,  
 Nor kind relief nor welcome hopes appear ;

Nor



Nor can her sex or high descent delay  
 The axe of Faction roaring for her prey.  
 " I come, rough ministers of Fate ;  
 " True virtue shrinks not from the ruthless steel :  
 " Now, Julian, satiate thine ambitious hate ;  
 " Mine innocence thou canst not kill :  
 " But, ah ! the bitter, bitter sinart,  
 " That drinks my soul, and tears my rending heart ;  
 " My harmless infants ! must they bleed,  
 " Ah ! horrid, murd'rous deed !  
 " See Julian drains their honey'd breath ;  
 " Their quivering limbs forsaking life,  
 " Gash'd by the guilty Furies' knife,  
 " Ah ! hide convuls'd in death,  
 " Vengeance just Heaven !" she cry'd aloud,  
 Then swoon'd in agony amid the barb'rous croud.

## IV. 1.

Fill high the measure of your shame,  
 In bloody pomp prepare  
 The sable block, the tort'ring wheel,  
 The axe's horrent glare ;  
 Then mask'd in Falsehood's varnish'd guise,  
 In mock'ry cheat the world with lies :  
 Decree, with hearts which only feel

Painful remorse, and never-ending wo,  
 The sacred blood of royalty to flow :  
 Deep brand the hateful nation's fame,  
 Whilst all, to consecrate your crimes,  
 The hoary doating judges stand  
 Perverting Justice' scale, with corrupt hand ;  
 Disgrace of senates ! chain'd on the blast of scorn,  
 Meet recompence, through future times,  
 With public infamy your guilt be borne.

## IV. 2.

Treason ! what pow'r arrests thine arm  
 In palsied stupor bound !  
 What magic charms thy hand disarm !  
 High rais'd to give the wound.  
 Or does the thunder of the sky  
 Confound the guilty head ?  
 Or does the voice of Conscience cry,  
 All hell is in the deed ?  
 Soon these shall pour vindictive storm  
 Of fire, and wrath, and plagues deform :  
 Meanwhile, in earnest of the fate  
 That hangs indignant o'er the rebel state,  
 Albion, to whom the godlike pow'r is given,  
 To wield tremendous the scourge of Heav'n,

Sends



Sends forth her Knight, so wise and true,  
Thee, KEITH ! whose dauntless presence sinks the bold,  
And martial menace, like her chiefs of old,  
Shot through each heart dismays the hideous crew.

## IV. 3.

Lo ! where his lion-port he rears,  
Dreadful with awe-commanding frown,  
And blasts the proud with freezing fears,  
His looks to Gorgon terror grown :  
Like inspiration on his kindling soul,  
The island-genius comes, and clothes his brow  
With bold demeanor to controul,  
And fires with loyal zeal, and gives his eyes to glow.  
See, in his mighty hand he grasps, to bear  
Terrific thunders of Britannia's spear :  
Vengeful, aloft, the chief displays  
Her brandish'd lightnings forked blaze ;  
'Mid splendors fierce her sevenfold shield,  
Ægis of Jove, whose flaming ray  
Darts heav'n-bred horrors o'er the blood-stain'd field ;  
Despair, and hasty rout, and flying wild dismay.

## V. 1.

“ Hold, Faction ! hold ; the impious deed  
“ Shall seal thy direful bane ;

“ The

" The nation's blood, the ocean's tide,  
 " Would fail to wash the stain.  
 " Attend the charge : In Albion's dreadful name  
 " Cancel the bloody doom, resign thy wrath !  
 " The great AUGUSTUS vindicates her fame,  
 " And comes, anon, with massacre and death.  
 " Behold his raging navy, borne  
 " With banner'd terror, shakes the northern wave :  
 " Ah, Scandia ! on that fatal morn  
 " When Albion's voice in thund'ring tempest roars,  
 " And fire and vengeance overwhelm your shores,  
 " What arm shall judgement brave ?  
 " Where shall abhorred Treason flee  
 " For refuge from the storm ?  
 " Where hopeful bend the suppliant knee,  
 " Which crimes and blood deform ?  
 " Hear ! and relent, ere late Repentance rise  
 " To wail her blasted shores, to lave  
 " Her daring guilt with ever-streaming eyes."

## V. 2.

Like trembling coward Ransaw shook ;  
 Proud Julian stood aghast :  
 Bold Faction, shrunk in troubl'd look,  
 Adown her axes cast :

Rebellion



Rebellion flies, and, charm'd to sleep,  
 The storm of outrage rests like the relenting deep.  
 He rais'd the PRINCESS from the ground,  
 From death redeem'd; dispels her fears,  
 And from their savage chains unbound,  
 Her mind with soothing comfort cheers.  
 Anon, swift o'er the foaming tide  
 Britannia's tow'ring vessels hie,  
 The DAME receive with regal pride,  
 With shouts, and cannons thund'ring cry.  
 Beneath a BROTHER's shield she finds repose;  
 Old Ocean smooths his angry waves,  
 To greet his DAUGHTER bright;  
 Fair Thetis, girt with her cerulean train  
 Of sister-nymphs, in em'rald vails bedight,  
 Safe in her shelt'ring arms the DAME receives,  
 'Scap'd from the fury of her Gothic foes,  
 And wafts in triumph proud across the wond'ring main.

## V. 3.

Sweet Peace attend thee, Royal FAIR,  
 Secur'd from Envy's frown;  
 Britain the column shall prepare,  
 Grac'd high with bright renown.

D

Thy

Thy baleful stound, the thorns of grief  
 Keen pressing on thy breast,  
 Time shall allay with fond relief,  
 Her wings soft shedding grateful rest.  
 Like Venus crown'd, with sov'reign mien,  
 And Siren voice, charming rude winds that blow,  
 With smiles of amity, the ALBION QUEEN  
 Shall kindly sooth a SISTER's wo.  
 A BROTHER's arm shall vindicate thy right,  
 Should mad'ning Faction muster to deface  
 The sacred honours of thy sov'reign race;  
 AUGUSTUS shall arise in dreadful might,  
 His thund'ring NAVY shake the strand;  
 His warlike PEERS, so just and brave,  
 With fire and slaughter waste the land,  
 And crush the traitors, whelm'd in the devouring wave.

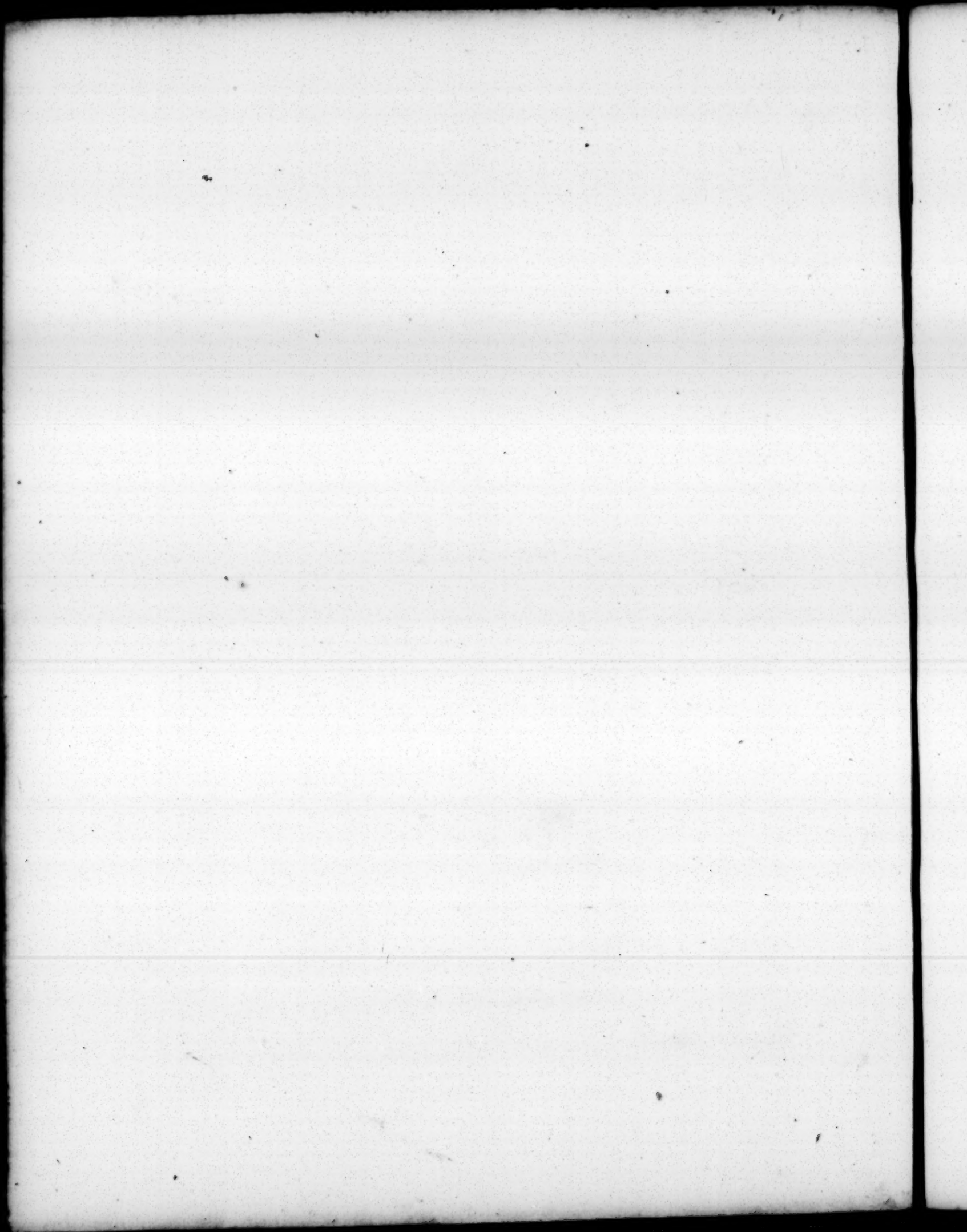
## V. 4.

And THOU RENOWN'D ! whose fearless soul  
 Mid civil storm and outrage brav'd  
 The Cimbrian race, with bold controul,  
 Enchain'd the Hydra, and the PRINCESS sav'd,  
 Accept this verse the hallowed quire bestows,  
 A festive wreath to bind thy warlike brows.



A grateful PRINCE, a grateful land,  
 Thy Civic crown with splendors meet prepare;  
 The QUEEN of Ocean hastes, with busy hand,  
 To decorate thy sparkling diadem.  
 Nor shall invidious harpies tear,  
 Nor jealous pride, thy flow'ring fame.  
 Unweary'd Fame shall waft thine endless praise,  
 With trumpet-voice, to the remotest days;  
 Heroes unborn arise, and learn to glow  
 With THINE unconquer'd FLAME, to quell Britannia's foe.

Thus sung the Nine: with blooming garlands crown'd,  
 The GODDESS sees her pillar'd trophies rise,  
 Charg'd with her DAUGHTER's fame, while to the skies  
 The winged herald peals the loud triumphant sound.





THE  
CYRNEAN. HERO.

HAIL to the CHIEF! whom civic wreaths adorn,  
Whose loud acclaim from pole to pole is borne;  
Whose godlike strife to save a sinking land,  
To wrench the scourge from stern oppression's hand,  
To shield the last remains, the children brave  
Of freedom struggling 'mid the *Tyrrhene* wave;  
The *British* youth shall mark with fond surprise,  
And patriots feel their kindred passions rise;  
More bold to plead for their invaded laws,  
And grapple danger for the public cause;  
To quell the storm when madd'ning factions roar,  
Or tyrant *Bourbon*, from his hostile shore,  
Like great PAOLI, 'tend their country's call,  
Resolved on conquest, or a glorious fall.

What tho' illiberal *France*, with venal band,  
Now proudly lord it o'er thy native land!

The sordid *state* prepare, with tyrant frown  
 And slavish yoke, to bend thy country down.  
 What tho' fell bondage shake her iron rod  
 O'er *Cortes* walls, glad freedom's late abode!  
 Yet brighter days shall gild the fav'rite isle,  
 And fate, relenting, on her warriors smile.  
 The race of *Herc'les* ev'ry danger braves,  
 Nor tamely bends to hosts of *Latian* slaves.  
 The public love each kindred bosom fills,  
 And pours her champions from a hundred hills:  
 Fiercely they rally o'er the *Cyrnean* \* shore,  
 And drench the island with invader's gore.

Unconquer'd *Cyrna*, struggling to be free,  
 Still rends the yoke of galling slavery;  
 Renews the mortal charge with deep'ning roar,  
 Like the wild waves which dash her rocky shore.

Still

\* The Author in this Poem uses the antient name of *Corfica*, which was called *Cyrnum* or *Cyrna* by the Greeks, from *Cyrnus*, the son of *Hercules*, who was supposed to have been the first who planted a colony in that Island. See *Stephanus de urbibus*, or that curious and interesting History of *Corfica*, lately published by the ingenious **JAMES BOSWELL**, Esq; of Auchinleck.



Still *Bourbon's* mercenary host shall bleed ;  
 Again high *Cyrna* lift her laurel'd head ;  
 Again triumph in thy victorious sword,  
 The public father to his sons restor'd.

Thus would the Muse, who in thy wrongs takes part,  
 Who feels the pangs which rend thy patriot heart,  
 To sooth thy grief, her humble tribute bring  
 Of lenient hope, shed from her trembling wing ;  
 Hope, our good Angel, with bright radiance crown'd,  
 With healing hand, allays misfortune's stound ;  
 Dispels the gloom which adverse tempests raise,  
 And gilds dark providence with orient rays ;  
 Points to the shipwreck'd mariner afar  
 His port, and guides him like the polar star.

What roused the *Maccabean* race to arms,  
 Who shook the *Syrian* tyrant with alarms ?  
 What steel'd the heart of *Brutus*, sternly good,  
 To save fall'n *Rome*, redeem'd by *Cæsar's* blood ?  
 What led the Great, whose pinion'd fame does soar,  
 Thee *Tamerlane* ! distain'd with eastern gore ?

The

The toiling *Muscovite*, *Gustavus* bold,  
 To face each danger, when in arms grown old?  
 'Twas the big hope still bounding in their breast  
 To save mankind, by tyrant pow'r oppress'd.  
 The harvest reap'd in iron fields, to see  
 Bless'd peace establish'd, and their country free.

This arm'd fair *England's* champions for the fight,  
 To combat myriads in their country's right;  
 Victorious *Alfred* stain'd with *Danish* gore,  
 Her *Edwards*, *Henrys*, on the *Gallic* shore;  
 Their swords the scourge of heav'n, with vengeful glare  
 Shook o'er the foe dread pestilence and war;  
 While kingdoms, tyrants, shrunk before their frown,  
 Whose scanty legion shook the *Gallic* throne.  
 The land which trembling fear'd a foreign sword,  
 With grateful welcome hail'd her laurel'd lord;  
 Wing'd conquest led; grim bondage stalk'd behind,  
 In rattling chains, she for the brave design'd;  
 High-thron'd, her guardian spread the gifts of peace,  
 And freedom charter'd to a dauntless race;

Beneath



Beneath his buckler, loyal, bold, and free,  
They shar'd the golden sweets of liberty.

Oh *Liberty*! man's first and choicest treasure!  
Bright soul of virtue! sacred source of pleasure?  
Daughter of heaven! with every blooming grace  
To charm the bold, and polish human race.  
Without *thee* nature droops, and all we boast  
Of country, friends, and kindred, all is lost:  
The plume of grandeur fades, life knows no blessing;  
No rich endearment worth careffing.  
The world, a dreary, darksome prison lies,  
Where all the soul of man within him dies;  
Dies to each great design, the minion tame  
Of guilty power, the slave of sin and shame.

For THEE, what hardships would the bold endure?  
How brave the vengeance of oppressive pow'r!  
How, following fierce thro' toil, war, bonds, and death,  
Resound the onset with their latest breath!  
Unconquer'd struggle, or, should freedom bleed,  
Sink, crown'd with glory, 'mid the honour'd dead.

B

Descend,

Descend, dread *Goddeſs* of the fearless eye!  
 Come from eternal ſplendors, from on high!  
 To ſhield the nations from deſpotic pride,  
 From rage and violence, uſurping wide:  
 And teach them, rais'd to guard, with manly grace,  
 The native rights and honours of their race.  
 Dread *Goddeſs*, riſe! Extend thine equal reign  
 From fartheſt *Ind'* to *Zembla's* freezing main:  
 But chiefly hover with benignant ſmiles,  
 Where 'mid old ocean tow'r the *Britiſh* iſles;  
 Where thy true *race*, of mind and courage high,  
 Repel the yoke of waſteful ſlavery.  
 While dreadful o'er the ſubject waves is hurl'd,  
 Like Heav'n's, their thund'ring ſtorm to ſhake a guilty  
 world.

Here fix thy ſeat, and blaze with *Roman* flame,  
 In ſenates bold no tyrant arts could tame:  
 Rouze them to feel for the atrocious deed;  
 Brandiſh thy terrors at the guilty head:  
 From mean ſubmiſſion vindicate the land,  
 And give the vengeance to thy dauntleſs band:

Till



Till lawless rage and faction be no more,  
 And foreign tyrants own *Britannia's* pow'r ;  
 Whose PRINCE and people prop the general cause,  
 Supporting and supported by the laws ;  
 While savage bondage driv'n abroad to reign,  
 Feels her own scourge, and bites her iron chain.

Ye generous BRITONS! could this verse avail  
 To rouse your rage at suff'ring Virtue's tale ;  
 Then might the wretched, struggling with their fate,  
 Revere thine arm, which props each falling state ;  
 Assert their rights beneath thy guardian care,  
 And taste the sweets which you profusely share.

But whither would my wayward fancy rove?  
 Inrich'd with wisdom and with virtue's love,  
 PAOLI rests in hope ; nor aught abates  
 Of this prime anchor 'mid the frowning fates.  
 Ye mean usurpers, insolent through pow'r !  
 Hang forth your trophies from *Aleria's* tow'r !  
 Raze Freedom's seat ! and when her sons complain,  
 Load them to groan beneath a heavier chain !

Bluster,

Bluster, ye Fates ! ye stormy squadrons, rise !  
 And sound the charge with thunder's dreadful voice !  
 The *island* trembles ; but, estranged from fear,  
 Her *pilot* looks beyond where brightning skies appear ;  
 Where radiant hope breaks o'er the ocean stream,  
 To gild her shores, like *Phosphor's* orient beam.

Meanwhile, exil'd from all the great can boast,  
 From friends, from kindred, from your native coast :  
 \* Honour'd and safe, by *Thames'* fam'd stream repose,  
 Nor dread the guile of *Cyrna's* vengeful foes.  
 Fair Albion joys thy kindred soul to trace,  
 And speaks her welcome with a fond embrace :

Unfolds

\* It will ever be remembered, with regret, how, after a bloody campaign, the French army intirely reduced the brave Corsicans. Paoli (now beset with traitors and assassins, the mercenary pack set on by lawless power to hunt down the brave and unfortunate) left the Island, where he could continue no longer with advantage to his Countrymen.

Landing in Italy, he passed through several states, where he was entertained with respect, and at length took refuge in England.

There all ranks seemed to contend in paying homage to Fortitude and Freedom in the Person of the great PAOLI. He was carried to St JAMES's, and there courteously received ; suitable apartments were assigned him ; the chief of the nobility attended his levee ; and, wherever he passed, the people followed the HERO with public honours and applause.



Unfolds her gates, the **BRAVE MAN**'s sanctuary,  
 To shelter worth, and freedom fled with thee.  
 Her circ'ling seas a shining bulwark stand  
 To shield the patriot 'scap'd from *Pharaoh*'s hand.  
 Here, while the tempests lour, and *Bourbon* waits,  
 The hir'd assassin of weak *Latian* states:  
 The mem'ry of thy country's wrongs efface  
 In great designs, to save a sinking race;  
 To pour the lenitive, with healing hand,  
 In aching wounds that rankle thro' the land;  
 And form with *Roman* skill the *Cyrnean* race,  
 'Mid war's alarum taught the arts of peace.  
 Here whet thy rage, that when the hour shall come,  
 When righteous heav'n shall seal the tyrant's doom,  
**PAOLI** may in awful vengeance rise,  
 To crush the proud, like thunder from the skies.

And what may sooth the brave, thy public cause  
 Secures thee *Britain*'s wonder and applause:  
 Her **PEERS**, the pride and bulwark of the land,  
 The **sons** of freedom give thee friendship's hand.

PIERCY and princely DOUGLAS foremost found  
 To tame the dragon, foil'd with many an wound:  
 The scourge of tyrants grace thy modest gate,  
 To mourn with thee sad *Cyrna's* ruin'd state,  
 Behold! they come! PEMBROKE, of gallant soul!  
 Thy pangs to soothe, thy *Cyrna's* foes controul:  
 ROCHFORD, to ev'ry courtly grace ally'd;  
 ROCHFORD, the BRAVE MAN's friend, and early try'd.

See! CALEDONIA, once depress'd and low,  
 When pow'r and slav'ry forc'd the *brave* to bow,  
 Exalts her tow'ring front, and hastes to greet  
 The cause of liberty, with rev'rence meet;  
 Admires in thee the fire which blaz'd of old  
 In GRÆME, in BRUCE, in DOUGLAS firm and bold,  
 Who toil'd for SCOTLAND in the throat of death,  
 And peal'd her triumph with his latest breath.  
 Her *cities* hail thee, and her *senates* wait  
 T' inroll thy name with chiefs and patriots great.

See HIM! whom genius and true worth adorn,  
 And early wreaths, from stern oppression torn;

Who,



Who, rous'd by freedom's and by virtue's flame,  
 First heard the clarion peal PAOLI's name:  
 Left learned ease and ALBION's blissful shore,  
 In distant climes thy fortunes to explore:  
 There brav'd infested seas, nor fear'd to go  
 Thro' hostile camps throng'd dire with freedom's foe,  
 Till every peril past, 'mid fire and sword,  
 Glad \* BOSWELL hail'd high *Cyrna's* warlike LORD.

He hop'd to see THY righteous cause prevail,  
 And sullen bondage mourn her sinking scale:  
 Rehears'd the annals of THY rising state,  
 And leagu'd with Princes to avert her fate.

But

\* This young Gentleman, who is Heir to an ample fortune in the west of Scotland, distinguished himself very early by his warm attachment to every good cause, and more particularly by his Writings in defence of DOUGLAS, and of the BRAVE CORSIKANS. Animated by a very singular enthusiasm, he left London in the spring 1765, and undertook a long and hazardous journey, that he might visit and connect a friendship with the great PAOLI, who was then struggling to support his Country against the united troops of France and Genoa.

This enterprising Expedition of the *Sieur BOSWELL* drew after him the notice not only of the Literati, but likewise of all the neighbouring states, who now considered him as an embassy from the Court of Britain about to interpose in favours of the brave Islanders. The narrative of his travels to Corsica, and particularly of the consternation and jealousy of the Genoese Senators, is both interesting and full of humour.

From

But now an exile from *THY* tribes, oppress'd  
 With ev'ry pang which rends *THY* patriot breast;  
 True cordial friendship glowing in *HIS* face,  
 In grief and joy he claims *THY* warm embrace:  
 Invokes high heav'n to vindicate *THY* right,  
 And rouses *Europe* to the glorious fight.

So when proud *Cæsar* stretch'd his iron rod,  
 Expelling freedom from her fam'd abode:  
 The *Mauritanian*, smit with virtue's charms,  
 Ador'd the *Goddeſs* in her *Cato's* arms;  
 Arrang'd his myriads, kindling at the call,  
 To humble *Cæsar*, or with *Cato* fall.

Thus I, the follower of the tuneful croud,  
 By winding *Forth* rehearse my sonnets rude;  
 Nor rich to aid, nor powerful to redress,  
 The Muse may mourn with *greatness* in *distress*:

Breath

From the nearest shore of Italy he crossed over to Corsica, where the sea was beset with the enemy's ships. He was several times in the French camp, and, as he takes notice in his letter to the learned and philosophic Rousseau, in imminent danger of being punished as a spy.

After enduring many hardships in a country which was all mountainous, and then the seat of war, he pushed his way across the Island, over almost inaccessible hills, and, having passed through much danger and fatigue, was at length introduced into the tent of the great PAOLI. See the late History of Corsica, by J. BOSWELL, Esq;.



Breath her oraison, nor in blushes hide,  
 Aw'd by the frown of insolence and pride.  
 The sacred strains, to worth and freedom due,  
 PAOLI! borrow dignity from you.  
 The tears we shed when injur'd nations groan,  
 Mount with their cry to the celestial throne.

Nor lacks the Muse her burthen to complain ;  
 The lot of man is stamped with grief and pain.  
 And she has mourn'd fell malice' poison'd dart,  
 And galling scorn, which gnaws the conscious heart ;  
 And foul ingratitude, the worst of crimes,  
 To blast fair honour tried in bitter times.  
 Of these she well could plain her baleful song,  
 But patience checks, and other cares belong :  
 To tend the charge the SOV'REIGN SHEPHERD gave,  
 To feed my flock along the briny wave ;  
 To watch their safety from the prouling croud,  
 But most from Man, oppressive, false, and proud.  
 There, whilst they haply brouze the wholesome flow'r,  
 On sunny cliff, or sport the harmless hour,

D

Nor

I ease my pastoral reed, and pleas'd retire  
 To charm wild eccho with my rustic lyre.  
 Or wand'ring, pensive, hear the brave complain,  
 And consecrate to *Cyrna's* CHIEF the strain.  
 Nor selfish shall the Muse's numbers flow;  
 In partial plaint, but for the *public* woe.  
 The wrongs of outrage we have learn'd to bear;  
 Have learn'd to feel for *worth*, and give the tear,  
 The sacred tear o'er suff'ring *greatness* shed,  
 When anxious BRITAIN veil'd her mournful head;  
 And pierc'd with horror at MATILDA's fate,  
 Look'd on her LORD the GUARDIAN of the state.



This should HE read, the GREAT whom I revere,  
 And follow still with heart estranged from fear,  
 With loyal heart, HIS noble SOUL will rise  
 In indignation at the Muse's voice;  
 To aid the cause by BRITAIN's sons belov'd,  
 And right his *friend* in ev'ry *fortune* prov'd.



